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SUBSCRIPTION RATES—DOMESTIC: One Year $5; Two Years $8; Three Years $11. CANADIAN: 50 cents a year additional. FOREIGN: $1 a year additional. THREE WEEKS' NOTICE AND THE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF SUBSCRIBER'S ADDRESS.

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HAILE SELASSIE'S dramatic gesture of leasing the oil and mineral rights of half his kingdom to an Anglo-American syndicate may not prevent Mussolini from seizing Ethiopia, but it has introduced an element of uncertainty into the situation which cannot but cause Italy much embarrassment. Almost overnight Mussolini finds himself robbed of the principal objective of his African campaign. He finds himself involved not only with Britain and France, whose reaction he can count on, but potentially with the United States, whose policies he cannot fathom. It is true that the agreement makes it difficult for England to base its plea at Geneva on high moral grounds, but there was never any real prospect that such a plea would be backed up by a demand for sanctions. The final outcome depends, of course, primarily on the attitude of the British government toward the Emperor's concessions. The British disclaimer of interest and its reference to its obligations under the 1906 treaty were inevitable under any circumstances. If the British government is actually behind the deal, as is charged in many quarters, we may expect its attitude toward Italy to stiffen materially. The same will be true if any important British interests are involved. Thus we may be treated to the spectacle of a British policy more conciliatory toward Italy on the surface but in reality more intransigent. While this enhances the danger of a general world conflict, it raises new hope that hostilities may be averted altogether. At least one must admire the courage and realism of the Ethiopian emperor at a time when the rest of the world appears hopelessly supine.

ITALY'S CONTENTION that the League of Nations cannot legally close the Suez Canal to troops and supplies destined for Ethiopia is called into question by a recent study made for the Geneva Research Center by Raymond Leslie Buell, president of the Foreign Policy Association. Mr. Buell finds the entire issue so clouded with uncertainties that a final conclusion is likely to be dependent on the relative will of the parties engaged in the dispute. It is an open question, for example, whether the convention of 1888, providing that the canal shall be "free and open in time of war to every vessel of commerce or war," is still in force today. The Constantinople convention containing this provision also specified that the canal's defense should, in the last instance, be referred to the concert of European nations. But in 1914 the British government established a protectorate over Egypt and closed the canal to enemy warships. This protectorate was legally ended in 1922, subject to a reservation leaving the defense of the canal in British hands. The canal is now under the territorial jurisdiction of Egypt, which is not a member of the League and which did not accede to the convention of 1888. Should Britain take unilateral action to close the canal, it might find itself in a very embarrassing position if Italy appealed to the World Court challenging its right to control the canal. If, on the other hand, the canal were closed following a unanimous vote of the League Council, excluding the interested parties, it could be argued that the sanctions of the League against a nation engaging in war in violation of the Covenant took precedence over regulations drawn up when neutrality was legally possible. The very existence of machinery for the enforcement of peace is dependent upon this interpretation.

THE PRESENCE of a representative of Finland at the recent meeting of Scandinavia's foreign ministers at Oslo suggests that Hitler's attempt to build a German-Polish-Finnish bloc to offset the Franco-Soviet alliance is encountering heavy going. Five months ago, when a similar meeting of the Scandinavian countries was called to consider the adoption of a common policy in the face of German rearmament, Finland did not attend, largely because of strong anti-Swedish feeling. Since then both Germany and Poland have renewed their efforts to bring it definitely into the proposed anti-Soviet bloc. Traditionally opposed to Russia and deeply indebted to Germany for its independence, Finland finds itself in a most difficult position. If it yields to the German-Polish importunities, it will not only face the hostility of France and the Soviet Union but will also isolate itself from the Scandinavian countries, which have made strict neutrality and loyalty to the League the foundation stones of their policy. On the other hand, not only the

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powerful Lapua movement, which maintains close contact with the Nazis through its militia, but also the so-called "genuine Finns," the anti-Swedish movement headed by Professor Leiviskä, are violently anti-Soviet. The situation is made more serious by the presence in Finland of a Japanese military mission which for months has been studying the Finnish fortifications on both the eastern and northeastern borders. Despite this tremendous pressure, the coolness shown on the occasion of Foreign Minister Beck's recent visit, together with Finnish cooperation at Oslo, points to a continuation of the traditional safe and sane policy of neutrality.

JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN, JR., chief magistrate of New York, and the League of Women Shoppers both deserve credit for the institution of new methods in handling picketing cases in city courts. The league, organized to support the legitimate demand of workers in industrial disputes, helped recently to picket the offices of the *American Mercury*. Several members were arrested along with fifty other pickets, and according to custom were thrust into the detention pen in the night court to await trial. There they suffered the usual privations and discomforts, but added to these, on this occasion, was the presence in the cell of four drunken men who were deliberately thrust among the imprisoned pickets by Jacob Katz, court attendant. This indignity roused the league to action. It protested to the court with prompt results. Katz was summarily dismissed, and Chief Magistrate Schurman later ordered that women arrested for picketing should henceforth be detained in the court itself while awaiting trial and not be locked in cells. This ruling is important apart from the fact that it insures such prisoners a reasonable degree of comfort and decency. It clearly distinguishes picketing from ordinary crimes and misdemeanors and constitutes at least a short step toward the legal recognition of political offenders. Obviously the ruling should be applied to men as well as women.

THE MAGISTRATES' COURTS of New York City are not celebrated for the brilliance and humanity of their jurists, but there are exceptions among them. Magistrate Michael A. Ford's vigorous and forthright disposition of a recent case involving twenty-eight peddlers in the garment district is worthy of commendation. The West Side Association of Commerce had asked for police action against the peddlers, charging them with obstructing traffic. The police obligingly arrested them, herded them into an improvised pen, and then brought them before Magistrate Ford. The association suggested that a suitable penalty for each peddler would be "$10 or ten days." The judge replied that he could see no sense in fining people for trying to earn an honest living. The association countered with the argument that the peddlers were interfering with its business and were besmirching the fair name of New York City. The magistrate snapped back: "So you are here for a selfish purpose. You want to protect investments. Are you the custodian of the good name and prestige of the city?" He added that in a time of national economic crisis a judge had a right to deal lightly with minor violations of the law by people who are trying to earn an honest dollar. The representative of the business men demanded that the magistrate do his "duty." Whereupon Magistrate Ford thundered: "Don't try to tell me what my duty is. I'm not going to be told my duty by a paid officer of a retailers' group." He gave the peddlers suspended sentences and warned one group to stay out of the garment district. The association has protested Magistrate Ford's action to Chief Magistrate Schurman but all decent people will hope that he will be upheld.

WE print herewith an original thought culled from the works of Walter Lippmann and dedicated—by us—to the unconquered Army of the Unemployed:

> What Mr. Roosevelt says or fails to say between the adjournment of Congress and its assembling in January will call for unusually careful scrutiny. For it will supply the evidence on which the people may judge whether the President now will return to them the extraordinary powers they granted him in a moment of grave danger for the single purpose of achieving recovery, or whether they must take these powers away from him.
>
> The people gave Mr. Roosevelt a sword to lead them in a particular battle. *That battle is over* [italics ours] and that sword now should be returned to its scabbard.

ALTHOUGH the Norris-LaGuardia Anti-Injunction Act of 1932 was a step in the right direction, much of its force has been wasted by the failure of most state legislatures to place similar limitations on issuance of equity relief in labor disputes. When the Legislature of New York State recently empowered persons charged with contempt of court for violating labor injunctions to demand jury trials, it went a long way toward incorporating the essential spirit, if not the full legal technique, of the federal statute into the laws of that state. It is encouraging, therefore, to learn that Supreme Court Justice Meier Steinbrink has just upheld the constitutionality of the New York statute in the first test case that has arisen. The test developed out of a typical all-embracing injunction directed against Local 505 of the Bakery and Confectionery Workers' International, which Supreme Court Justice Leander Faber issued some months ago upon suit by the Standard Baking Company. Justice Steinbrink's ruling is as sound in judicial logic as it is cogent in social philosophy. He holds that it constitutes no invasion of judicial prerogatives for the legislature to redefine the procedure which shall be followed by those who seek to obtain equity relief. He throws out of court the argument that a plaintiff who obtains an injunction becomes vested with property rights which are immune to legislative curbing. He proclaims that the economic and social importance of the organized labor movement justifies the restriction of the use of the injunction by employers. It hardly seems probable that Justice Steinbrink will be reversed by the Court of Appeals. If he is upheld, the power of judges to break strikes will be materially curtailed.

ONE OF THE MINOR MISFORTUNES of the Italo-Ethiopian uproar is that it has diverted the attention of the world from the German madhouse. A series of "scientific" congresses was recently held in Berlin which portends further embarrassment for the intelligent people of the Third Reich. The penological congress was packed with Nazis, and the preposterous resolutions it passed in favor of crueler punishment for criminals misled not one of the foreigners present, as Warden Lawes of Sing Sing

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has pointed out. The so-called World Population Congress was an equally painful exhibition. It was opened by Dr. Wilhelm Frick, Minister of the Interior, and honorary president of the congress. His speech was a long hymn of thanks to the Almighty for blessing the people of Germany with Adolf Hitler, laying special emphasis on the Chancellor's anti-Semitic theories. The following day the Congress was graced with a speech by Dr. Clarence G. Campbell of New York, president of the Eugenics Research Association. He defended the "obviously biological realities" of the Nazi race doctrines, and warmly supported the totalitarian state. It need hardly be added that Professor Franz Boas was not present at the congress. Nazi science has little use for anthropologists of international reputation, especially if they happen to be Jews.

THE MORE ABUNDANT LIFE of the New Deal, according to figures issued by the Federal Bureau of Education, has been hard on the schools of the country. Reports from forty-one states show a decrease of 18.3 per cent in current expenses and of 68.4 per cent in capital expenditures in the school year 1933-34 as compared to 1931-32. There was a drop in the latter school year, but as compared to 1929-30 the respective percentage decreases were only 1.8 and 43.1. In 1934 these forty-one states spent $957,693,673 for running their schools, while in 1932 they spent $1,171,903,889, and the capital outlays in the same states dropped from $124,547,363 to $39,383,940. The report also points out, as might have been expected, that the schools in the South have been hit the hardest. In Arkansas, for example, the annual current cost per pupil in average daily attendance is $22.60, while in Nevada it is $117.90, and in New Jersey $102.53. Nothing could be more dangerous for the future of the country than the failure to maintain even our present inadequate educational standards.

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED what a Vice-President of the United States thinks about? We hadn't either until we opened the New York *Times* of August 29. John N. Garner, it seems, thinks about Hearn's department store and its new Share-the-Profits plan. "The way to make things HUM," says Mr. Garner in an ad on page 9, "is to pay good wages and keep prices low. Add to that a Share of Profits, and the world won't just beat a pathway to your door—They'll Build a Concrete Highway!" But what Mr. Garner thinks of Hearn's is nothing to what Hearn's thinks of Mr. Garner.

> Long years spent with silent men of action—the plainsmen of his native Texas—have schooled this statesman in homespun to see clearly, think straight. . . . He is one of the most beloved figures in public life. . . . Now, as Hearn's steps forward once more to serve the people, Mr. Garner is again strongly in favor.

Some political observers saw in the Hearn announcement an attempt to capture the vice-presidency in 1936. Others saw nothing of the sort. William E. Borah, Al Smith, Huey Long, and other Presidential aspirants refused to comment. Left-wing commentators refused not to comment. "It's fascism," said one of these, "Mr. Garner hopes to get the basement-store vote by using radical slogans. But the masses in Macy's, Bloomingdale's, and Gimbel's will not be misled by such cheap demagoguery."

Can Italy Defy Sanctions?

AFTER the first Italian Cabinet "War Council" was held at Bolzano, under the chairmanship of Premier Mussolini, an official communiqué stated:

> The problem of sanctions has been studied by the highest authorities in all its aspects, and as far as sanctions of a military character are concerned, the necessary provisions and measures to resist them have long since been taken. In view of any future eventualities, and to guarantee economic resistance by Italy, the problem of supplies of the necessaries of life has been examined. The supply of food is sufficient, since the wheat and rice crops this year have been particularly ample. As for supplies of an industrial character, the Cabinet Council approved a measure providing that all civilian requirements shall give way to present and future military needs.

The facts, however, create a far more pessimistic impression of Italy's capacity to go it alone than does the Cabinet's cheery announcement. The Committee on Economic Sanctions of the Twentieth Century Fund made public in 1932 a report entitled "Boycotts and Peace" in which the relative dependency of the twelve leading powers on outside supplies and materials was reviewed. Apart from munitions themselves the chief essentials for waging war were listed as iron and steel, machinery, nitrogen, other chemicals for explosives and gas, coal, petroleum, iron ore, and foodstuffs. Of the twelve nations discussed in the report every one but Italy was shown to be self-sustaining in at least two of these essentials. Italy was self-sufficient in none. In contrast to the Cabinet's statement the figures show that in 1931 Italy imported from 18 to 20 per cent of its foodstuffs; in wheat and other cereals its deficiency was as great as 25 per cent. Undoubtedly wheat production has increased since then as the result of the intensive "battle of grain" which has been waged since 1925 to free Italy from dependence on foreign countries for its bread. But more recent figures give no support to Italy's claim to self-sufficiency in other crops or in foodstuffs generally. Aside from food, the report reveals the wide gaps in Mussolini's armor. Italy is partly dependent on outside sources of supply for its iron and steel and almost wholly for iron ore. It produces no coal, no oil, no cotton. It is partly dependent on its imports of machinery and of nitrogen and numerous other essential chemicals. It must buy from other countries its entire supply, or nearly so, of copper, rubber, tin, nickel, mineral nitrates, tungsten, chromite, mica.

The United States remains the largest source of Italy's imports. An application of economic sanctions to be effective would obviously require American cooperation. As we pointed out last week, a certain measure of cooperation is possible even under the limitations imposed by the recent neutrality legislation. An embargo on loans, credits, and essential war materials imposed by the League of Nations and supported as far as the law allows by the United States would check, if it did not prevent, Italy's aggression in Ethiopia and would end the immediate threat to the peace of Europe. Italy cannot fight the other nations of Europe unless they sell it the materials to fight with.

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Behind America's Note to the U. S. S. R.

MANY explanations have been offered for the severe tone taken by the United States in its recent protest to the Soviet government on the activities of the Third International. The fact that few commentators took the American note at its face value is a rather convincing indication that the Administration was motivated by something other than a desire to call attention to a supposed infringement of the Roosevelt-Litvinov agreement. That the President was prompted chiefly by internal rather than international considerations is reasonably obvious, though the precise nature of the domestic pressure remains a matter for speculation. Certain liberal papers see the protest as an attempt to offset the campaign recently launched by Hamilton Fish, William Randolph Hearst, and other reactionaries to obtain a severance of diplomatic relations between this country and the Soviet Union. A more ingenious interpretation offered by the Republican press is that Roosevelt wished to disassociate himself as vigorously as possible from the proffer of Communist aid against fascism which was advanced by Georgi Dimitrov, new spokesman for the Third International. Others attribute the note and Secretary Hull's subsequent public statement to under-cover work on the part of anti-Soviet officials in the State Department, who grasped their opportunity when it became evident that the Administration resented the front-page publicity given to speeches of the American Communist leaders depicting the growth of radical sentiment in this country.

Whatever the motive, it must be admitted that the Administration seized upon a fairly convincing technicality upon which to base its protest. Taken in isolation from the known facts of the present-day world, paragraph 4 of the Litvinov letter, to which the State Department made special reference in its protest, would appear to support the American case. The Soviet Union specifically agreed "not to permit the . . . residence on its territory of any organization . . . and to prevent the activity on its territory of any organization . . . which has as its aim . . . the preparation for the overthrow . . . by force of . . . the political or social order within any part of the United States. . . ." By conservatives generally this has been hailed as a definite pledge on the part of Moscow to curb the activities of the Comintern in relation to the United States. But no one who possesses even the most elementary knowledge of the Soviet Union could believe for a moment that this statement could have been intended to ban the normal work of the Third International. For years capitalist governments had been protesting to Moscow against Comintern-supported agitation within their countries, and had invariably received the reply that the Comintern was an international agency regarding which the Soviet government could assume no responsibility. All the government could promise was that its officials would not participate, as they had in the past, in Comintern activity, and that it would not give shelter to avowed revolutionists seeking to overthrow the American government by force. These promises have been scrupulously kept. Soviet diplomatic representatives have never even been accused of participating in politics in this country, and there is no evidence that any of the American or foreign representatives at the Comintern planned or engaged in any activities that were inconsistent with the Constitution and laws of the United States. No one has even questioned the legal right of the American Communist Party to join and participate in the Third International. Yet, paradoxically enough, the normal activities of the party are alleged to be illegal when they are conducted on foreign soil.

All of which merely goes to confirm the fact that the State Department had other and more pressing reasons for sending its sudden and provocative note to Moscow. In this connection much has been made of the fact that Soviet purchases in this country have fallen far short of expectations, and are no longer an inducement for continuing recognition. It is true that our exports to the U. S. S. R. in 1934 were only $15,000,000 as against $9,000,000 in 1933 and $114,000,000 at the peak in 1930. But responsibility for this low level of trade lies almost entirely at the door of the United States. While there was a change in Soviet trade policy toward the end of the first Five-Year Plan which accounted for the sharp drop in purchases in 1932 and 1933, the primary factor in keeping the Soviets from purchasing badly needed American goods has been our failure to advance the credit facilities that were virtually promised on the occasion of Litvinov's visit to Washington. The passage of the Johnson act and its application to the Soviet Union were the first blows struck at the prospective Soviet trade. The collapse of the debt negotiations under circumstances which reflected little credit upon the Administration and the subsequent dissolution of the Export-Import Bank definitely closed the door to trade on the scale which was envisioned at the time of recognition. Nevertheless, Soviet purchases in the first seven months of this year were approximately $25,000,000, or two and a half times as large as in the corresponding period of 1934, and with the signing of the recent commercial agreement guaranteeing the expenditure of $30,000,000 in the United States during the year, prospects for cash trade are better than at any period since the close of 1931. From this standpoint the recent controversy over the Third International is most untimely.

Another factor which played an important role at the time of Soviet recognition and has now receded in popular interest is the need for a common front against Japan. The danger of a Japanese attack on either the United States or Russia has apparently been postponed for at least several years. But in place of the Japanese menace there has appeared the immediate and tangible threat of a war in Europe. Since American recognition the Soviet Union has joined the League of Nations and is generally recognized as the bulwark of peace on the Continent. If the United States is to throw its forces with the League in a last-minute attempt to prevent the Italo-Ethiopian crisis from developing into a world conflagration, it needs the undivided and sympathetic support of the Soviets. Nothing could be more unfortunate than for the Administration to allow irrelevant domestic political issues to divert it from a courageous effort to prevent this catastrophe.

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Will Borah Run?

THAT the nomination of William E. Borah by the Republicans next year would cause genuine alarm in the Roosevelt camp is evident. Mr. Roosevelt knows full well that Mr. Borah is the only man thus far mentioned to oppose him who would draw progressives and liberals in large numbers. Colonel Knox of the Chicago *Daily News* would repel them, Senator Vandenberg would not even interest them, but there still clings to Borah an aura of liberalism from the days when he really was progressive. That he is still a force in the Senate is true. As we have often pointed out, he is a great lawyer and a profound authority on the Constitution, and whenever he makes a long address he is eagerly listened to. He can still draw huge audiences when he speaks in public, and he would be an impressive and striking figure in the White House.

Years ago Mr. Borah could easily have made himself President had he decided once for all to break with the conservatives of his party, at least to the extent of leading the progressive group and starting a nation-wide fight against the reaction of Hoover and Coolidge. But Mr. Borah is not a bolter. He did not leave the party with Theodore Roosevelt in 1912, and although he begged and received and used in 1924 a letter of eulogy from Robert M. La Follette, he would not support the Wisconsin statesman in his remarkable political campaign. Every time he has faced the question of putting his independence above party loyalty Mr. Borah has preferred to remain upon the Republican reservation. More than that, throughout his later career there has seemed to rest upon him an inhibition that often makes it impossible for him to see things through to their logical conclusion. He will fight hard for a cause as long as it is on the first pages, but when it no longer ranks foremost in news value his interest in it unaccountably wanes. For all his great ability, his unceasing industry, and his never-ending devotion to the tasks of his office, he no longer ranks as high as he did some years ago.

That there has been a great change in Mr. Borah is proved by the fact that he is being seriously considered for the nomination by conservative Republicans. Only a few years ago his name was anathema to them and to big business men everywhere. He was the "wild man from Idaho," given to proposing radical and half-baked legislation. There were also times, it is true, when these men applauded him for standing firm against some dangerous fad or radicalism, but in the years when Mr. Borah was at the height of his power, when he should have been selected because of his great intellectual ability, those forces were sufficiently strong to keep him shelved. If they are turning to him now it is because of the dearth of other candidates of any stature, and because they no longer think of him as a wild man. Indeed, they are more and more drawn to him as an isolationist—that is, those among them who think that our national salvation lies in our hearing no trade, seeing no trade, and speaking no trade with the rest of the world. They recall with gratitude his intense and brilliant opposition to the Treaty of Versailles, the wickedness of which he was among the first to understand and appreciate. It must not, however, be forgotten in this connection that he has repeatedly stated that he favors any move "that will bring nations together, promote friendliness, and remove causes of friction." No one has fought harder than he for a decent and friendly American policy in the Caribbean. Opposing the use of American troops there, he once said at Yale University: "There is a higher and better and more peaceful and lawful method by which to protect our interests. God has made us neighbors—let justice make us friends." Not the least of his services has been, too, his steadfast demand that we recognize Russia and develop helpful trade relations with that country without regard to its political beliefs. Above all he has stood for the civil rights of the citizen, as to which Franklin Roosevelt has up to this time remained pitifully and lamentably silent. "We cannot afford to barter these rights or to sacrifice them to any purpose or under any circumstances," Mr. Borah once wrote in an article he contributed to *The Nation*.

There is one grave obstacle to Mr. Borah's candidacy. He has passed his seventieth birthday and will be well into his seventy-second year when the Presidential election takes place next year. Although a man of exemplary habits who has always taken the best care of himself, he has recently undergone a serious operation and is no longer the extraordinarily powerful man that he was. Not in our entire history has either party contemplated the nomination of a man who had passed three score and ten years. Yet if reports from Washington are to be trusted, Mr. Borah is really interested in the question of his nomination. If he should achieve it, Mr. Roosevelt would have distinct ground for anxiety, for he would have an opponent in some ways abler than himself, and one far more competent to deal with the constitutional issue, if that should prove to be the dominating one in the coming contest. It would be difficult, too, to make the public understand the weaknesses of Mr. Borah's character, his curious inability to understand economics, to carry a fight through to a final victory, how much of a "lone wolf" he is, and how completely without executive and administrative experience.

Nancy and Her Father

NANCY BEDFORD-JONES was eighteen years old, a sophomore in college, the daughter of a prosperous American who had always gratified most of Nancy's whims. She had a car of her own, and an allowance. Probably there never was a father who treated his children better than H. Bedford-Jones, one of the country's well-known pulp writers. He was very fond of her. And she was a bright girl who wanted to be a journalist and planned eventually to enter the Columbia School of Journalism. Afterward her father could probably get her a good job; he knew all the big men in the field—Hearst, Macfadden, and the others. Nancy had some foolish ideas, of course, but she'd get over them. After all she was only a child. Even he, H. Bedford-Jones, had thought he was a Socialist at eighteen. The best clubs are full of successful middle-aged Americans who chuckle occasionally to think that they were once Socialists.

In the early days of September, 1935, Nancy Bedford-Jones found it necessary to denounce her father publicly

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in a radical sheet called the *New Masses,* because she discovered that he had sold out, for money, his own daughter and her confidence in an article in one of the nation's most lurid pulp sheets called *Liberty*. The article was headed: Will the Communists Get Our Girls in College: One Father's Story. It was subtitled A Startling Record, from the Depths of a Profound Dismay, of How the Red Web of Moscow Is Entangling Today's Daughters. It was signed "J. G. Shaw," and in it the author divided his daughter Nancy into three American daughters and related how each one, separately, had been debauched by representatives of the Student League for Industrial Democracy. The reading time is thirteen minutes, five seconds; the article probably brought a good price; and it would be hard to match for misrepresentation, stupid as well as shrewd, designed to reveal the red danger which threatens American youth. According to Shaw all radicals are degenerates and crooks, and the bickerings between the Socialists and Communists are merely a screen to hide a solidarity for which the most fervid advocates of a united front would not dare to hope. There are hot climaxes in "one father's story":

> After she'd been lost a couple of nights, I looked up the lousy outfit, had a couple of cops handy, and you should see the gang! She wants to quit school and take a garment-worker's job.
>
> . . . She cried her heart out—and stuck to her guns. She says someone must stand up for their ideals. "Yes," I agreed, "my own daughter quotes Strachey at me. . . . Her brain's warped."
>
> When I proposed that she go to a certain far-removed university for her next year, that she might keep her pledge to me to abstain from further activities, she shook her head. "It wouldn't be a bit of use really. I'd be taken in by the bunch there and put to work; . . ." "Haven't you enough will power to leave them alone?" "It isn't that. I'd be afraid to. I'd be dumped—beaten up. Not once, but all the time." She was in actual physical fear. . . .
>
> In our state colleges and in the towns around them are shrewd gentry who have their eyes on your daughter. You can't afford to laugh at them . . . as Morgan did, and a thousand other fathers who see their daughters put on the road to hell—too late.

But Nancy Bedford-Jones, at eighteen, is a better journalist than her father. Her article, My Father Is a Liar, in the *New Masses* for September 3 is much the more convincing of the two. She asserts conclusively that "J. G. Shaw" is H. Bedford-Jones, and that the three girls in his story are all herself—distorted. And she answers her father in his own terms:

> Yes, there is a web of "moral and mental disintegration" but it is not spun by the progressive movement. It is woven from the sewage and filth of American reaction —Hearst, Macfadden, et al.
>
> [My father] has not and he cannot change my beliefs. Nor can he hurt the progressive student movement. No lies can, because that movement has truth and right on its side. . . . We call upon the youth of America once more to join in the struggle for a world of peace, freedom, and progress.

We are placing our bets on the side represented by Nancy.

Is This America?

THE tar-and-feather party in Santa Rosa, California, in the course of which 300 vigilantes wrecked the house of a citizen and his family with tear-gas bombs in order to make him surrender, was supposed to be the spontaneous outburst of farmers against Communist agitators. There is no doubt that farmers took part in the affair, but a correspondent whom we trust writes that the mob was led and backed by bankers, a head of the federal reemployment bureau, motor cops, a member of the state legislature, American legionnaires, petty politicians, and members of the chamber of commerce; and a suit brought by one of the victims of the raid named among others the mayor of the town, who is a banker. The crime of the radicals was organizing strikes among crop-pickers. "Ninety per cent of the farmers in this community," writes our informant," are bankrupt and their crops are selling below the cost of harvest. Practically every rancher must borrow money from the bank or packer to meet his harvest payroll. The mob could count with certainty upon the approval of the local press, the protection of the police, and the inertia of the people. The raids took place under the nose of the sheriff, and it is rumored that the tear-gas bombs came out of his office." We quote briefly from an eyewitness's account of the raid published in the Oakland *Tribune*.

> Green [one of the victims] was held until the occupants of the cars could get out and hide behind trees. . . . I was told that it was the home of Sol Nitzberg, one of the most active of the "reds." Then Green was told to go up to the door. . . . Green, instead of calling Nitzberg out, disappeared inside. There was a wild yell of rage from some of the waiting vigilantes, and a rush toward the house. Then I heard a window go up, and then came the blast of a shotgun. . . . "I'm shooting to kill!" Nitzberg yelled from time to time. He must have fired fifteen or twenty shots when I heard a commotion. Some of the vigilantes had gone away and got some tear-gas bombs. Now they crept as close to the house as they dared to go . . . and then someone tossed a bomb. . . . There was another yell from Nitzberg, and then another shot. Then there came the tinkling of glass from the other side of the house, where another bomb had gone through. One or two bombs hit the side of the house. And then came a cry from inside, in a woman's or a child's voice. The firing ceased. I heard the door open and Nitzberg and his wife and children and Green came out wiping their eyes. One of the children was crying. Several men closed in on them, grabbed Nitzberg and Green, and dragged them down to the road where the cars waited.

The attitude of the local press is clearly revealed by this quotation from the Santa Rosa *Press Democrat*: "Daybreak revealed no deaths from the wild orgy of mob action—but plenty of results that will herald to the world what Sonoma County means to do to Communist agitators." In Santa Rosa, on the night of August 21, 1935, a mob of vigilantes, with the connivance of officials sworn to support the Constitution, overthrew established government, instituted a reign of terror, and violated the most fundamental rights of citizens. Yet the attorney general of the state has refused to take action and the governor has barely noticed the affair. Is California a part of the United States or isn't it?

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Issues and Men

War in Ethiopia

THERE are two schools of thought about the war in Ethiopia, if it should come. One is represented by a British veteran of many, many years of foreign service and personal knowledge of Abyssinian conditions. He makes the astounding statement—privately—that it will take Mussolini ten years and a million lives to win complete control of Ethiopia. The other school says that this officer must be thinking in terms of wars against native tribes prior to the World War; that tanks, and airplanes, and poison gas, and chemical warfare generally have so altered conditions of war as to make it impossible for the Ethiopians to hold out very long. They speak of the speed with which light railways can be built, of the ability of tanks to conquer any natural obstacles, and ask how barefooted troops without modern equipment of any kind, using guns left over from the last war with Italy in 1891, can possibly hold out any length of time against the overwhelming forces Mussolini can bring to bear against them. They point out that bombing from the air will have a greater effect upon the morale of a primitive people than it had on the troops of the leading participants in the World War. They recall the success of the British in holding desert tribes in check in Asia by means of a few squadrons of airplanes, and tell terrible tales of whole tribes driven in fear from their shelters to die of starvation or thirst in the desert. How can Abyssinia hold out against a well-worked-out military plan? Finally they ask whether Mussolini and all his generals must not be perfectly aware of all difficulties, and whether they have not in all likelihood thought out a new technique for their advance into Abyssinia, upon which they base their present high confidence of early success.

The only answer is, of course, that nature itself is the sole protection upon which the Abyssinians may count, plus a small force of men fanatically ready to die for their country. Great masses of briers and giant thorns "more plentiful than the most extravagant use of barbed wire on the Hindenburg line" will bar the invaders' way. A recent traveler has written that "for every gun that may be emplaced in this region it will be necessary to clear the earth first, then to work with pick and explosives to tear mountains apart to reduce the massive walls of a natural fortress." It will be the story of Thermopylae over again. The tactics of the Ethiopians must be those of Lawrence in Arabia, of appearing and disappearing, always in small bodies so as to offer the least possible target to airplanes and artillery, always keeping the invaders in a state of anxiety without giving them the satisfaction of anything approaching a drawn battle. As for the airplanes, Liddell Hart declares that as Addis Ababa is more than 400 miles distant from the nearest Italian base, and is 8,000 feet above sea level, it is well out of reach of any present air service as a bombing target.

It must be the warfare of irregulars in other words, and the farther the Italians advance into Abyssinia the more difficult their task will become, especially in the matter of supplying water to their men since the natives will hardly refrain from poisoning springs and rivers. Why should they? Are not all the war offices of the world talking quite freely of the possibility that they will add a war of bacteria to the war of poison gas in the next great struggle? Certainly Mussolini is not in a position to make much of the Ethiopian habit of mutilating the bodies of the dead and taking no captives. His press has boasted that chemicals will be spread on the ground in advance of the army so as to make it impossible for the barefooted enemy to approach his forces without terrible suffering, and I have seen a description of the Italian fire-throwers which makes the similar implements of torture of the World War seem mere toys.

How can the Red Cross refuse to aid the Abyssinians because they do not take prisoners and then approve the flame-throwers and the torturing chemicals of the Italians? The whole thing is so horrible that any effort to say what is civilized warfare and what is uncivilized, who are good fighters and who bad fighters, is utterly absurd. War is the sum of all infamies, and any effort to give it a few refinements or to define what is ethical and what unethical is utterly childish. One of the Emperor's governors solemnly assured Marcelle Prat recently that the mutilation of the Italian dead would be a proper reply to the use of poison gas by the Italians. As the *New Statesman and Nation* puts it, "One barbarism no doubt deserves another." A white crusade against black barbarism, such as Mussolini proclaims his holy war to be, will naturally call out black barbarism, and no sane man can declare one worse than the other.

The *New Statesman and Nation,* by the way, declares editorially that the war, if it comes, will be "long and terrible," with Mussolini's influence dwindling to nothing. "For our part," it writes, "we hazard a guess that prolonged war in Abyssinia will mean the end of Italian Fascism; what it will begin in Europe and Africa and Asia we cannot guess." The longer it continues the greater will be the unrest among colored peoples all over the world, and the greater will be the effort of Mussolini's publicity machine to keep not only Italy but the rest of the world from knowing what is actually happening. It will put all the news associations to their trumps to let us know what is really taking place. Of course the number of deaths from disease will be carefully concealed from the Italians and from us, but we already know that transports are coming back through the Suez with cargoes of 1,000 or 1,200 disabled, debilitated, and seriously ill men, and this is just the beginning.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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Racketeering in the A. F. of L.

I. The Poultry Racket

By ISIDOR FEINSTEIN

IT should hardly be necessary at this date to stress the importance of unionization for the worker. The union is his one effective weapon in the competitive struggle. In our economy the bargaining power that organization in a union gives the workers represents the only possible hope of checking that maldistribution of income which lies at the bottom of our ills. Labor unions, Chief Justice Taft wrote in the American Steel Foundries case (257 U. S. 209), "were organized out of the necessities of the situation. A single employee was helpless in dealing with an employer."

Powerful and militant unions are made all the more necessary at present by the growing menace of fascism, but the unions will be neither powerful nor militant until they rid themselves of dictatorship and of the racketeering that dictatorship breeds and fosters. Most unions are fairly decent. Even bad unions are better than none at all. Some unions, like the Newspaper Guild, to which the writer belongs, are splendid organizations. But the dry rot of dictatorship and racketeering is widespread enough to weaken and corrupt the American Federation of Labor leadership and to endanger the development of unionization. It is suggested that the toll exacted by trade-union racketeers from workers and the public is pitifully small compared to the tolls gathered in by the big interests which command the various passes of our economic system. That is true. But the toll taken by the racketeers is far more serious than its amount in dollars and cents. For it represents the infiltration into the labor movement of criminal elements, the perversion of trade unionism into a device for maintaining business monopolies and prices, the terrorization of the workers, and the infection of the A. F. of L. hierarchy, which draws Peter's pence from the racketeers.

The crushing of democracy in the trade unions by racketeers and the labor politicians who support them is a grave matter for union members. It means not merely the loss of the right to vote as they please but often of the right to a livelihood. For in many cases the racketeers have the power to bar from work those who oppose them. In addition, racketeering and misgovernment in the unions provide the basis for a fascist campaign which would make trade unionism synonymous with racketeering and seek to impose government control on the unions in order to "protect" the workers. The responsibility for preventing such a development rests largely upon the leaders of the American Federation of Labor. Unfortunately they help rather than hinder the drift toward state control—that is, ultimately, big business control—of the unions. Some are close to being racketeers themselves. Most of the others are dependent for votes or revenue upon unions under racketeer control. They ought to be cleaning up. Instead, one finds them supporting the racketeers and playing into the hands of the fascist drive by raising the red scare against those who fight the racket. Thus they help to smear labor, and to divide it.

The current investigation into the long-standing poultry racket in New York City and the attitude of the A. F. of L. leadership toward the investigation illustrate the extent to which labor racketeering may develop and the lengths to which the A. F. of L. will go to shield it, rather than clean it out. The facts here presented are from the exhaustive report made for the Department of Public Markets by Philip B. Reister. The report provides not only a comprehensive survey of the poultry racket but a glimpse of the way in which labor racketeering often develops. It throws light on the struggle among competing business men for monopoly and price maintenance, the use of gangsters and violence in that struggle, the entrance of the gangsters into the unions and the perversion of the unions into instruments for the maintenance of monopoly and prices, and the final dominance of the gangsters over both business and labor in the interest of the victorious business monopolists and the protecting politicians behind them.

Conditions in the poultry market might have been cleaned up long ago had there been more honesty and courage in the top ranks of the American Federation of Labor. The so-called poultry racket is the domination of the poultry market by a triple-headed monopoly of which criminal trade-union leaders are a part. It is enforced and buttressed by their control of certain key unions plus their close relations with powerful figures of this and other years in the Tammany machine. The triple-headed monopoly is made up of the New Jersey Coop Company, which rents the coops in which live poultry is transported in the New York City area; the New York Live Poultry Trucking Company, which controls the cartage of live poultry in this area; and the Metropolitan Feed Company, which supplies feed for the live fowl to more than 90 per cent of the commission merchants and slaughterers. The key figures in the racket are Arthur ("Tootsie") Herbert, delegate of Local 167 of the International Brotherhood of Chauffeurs, Teamsters, Stablemen, and Helpers of America; Joseph Weiner, now in the federal penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, but prior to his incarceration delegate of Local 440 of the Official Orthodox Poultry Slaughterers of America; and Sidney Rosenstein, president and principal stockholder of the Metropolitan Feed Company, once coadjutor of Weiner, now a pal of "Tootsie." "Tootsie's" brother, Charlie Herbert, replaced Weiner as a delegate of Local 440. The Herberts and Rosenstein made their debut in the public records in the same way, for petty larceny; Weiner, for safe burglary. He was committed to the New Jersey State Reformatory on November 25, 1916. Mr. Rosenstein's police record begins in the same year with a $25 fine for petty larceny. Mr. Charles Herbert started somewhat earlier. He was sentenced to a year in the Rahway Reformatory for petty larceny in 1907. A veil was cast over Mr. "Tootsie" Herbert's first steps on the ladder to success by the removal of his record and fingerprints from the Police

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Department when investigators for the Department of Markets called. From other sources, however, the department learned that "Tootsie," too, started with petty larceny.

The poultry racket is an old story. There has been one investigation after another since 1911, but the racket reached new heights of efficiency during the past decade. Violence, arson, and murder kept the recalcitrant in line. Places of business were bombed. Gas bombs were used to destroy chickens. Poisoned feed was thrown into crates. Trucks were wrecked and their live cargoes set afire. Gangs in high-powered cars patroled highways and intercepted deliveries, and kidnapped or killed. Those who resisted or defied the leaders were broken by the ring and persecuted by the crooked politicians protecting the racket and sharing the spoils. The racket has been lucrative. Mr. "Tootsie" Herbert was making $3,925 a week in 1928, according to United States Commissioner Francis A. O'Neill, who brought "Toots" to trial in August of that year for violation of the Sherman anti-trust law. Business is worse now, but "Tootsie" has considerably increased his power and territory since then. The triple-headed monopoly does well, too. It costs $60 to unload, crate, and truck a car of poultry in Philadelphia. The Department of Markets estimates the cost in New York at as high as $183. One reason is that the shipper pays extortionate coop, truck, and unloading charges (like United States Steel's Pittsburgh Plus racket) whether these services are needed or not—even if the shipper trucks his poultry from a distant point to the door of the receiver in New York in his own coops. Eighty per cent of the poultry received at the terminals is hauled away by the buyers, but the shipper pays for the imaginary trucking service rendered in these cases.

City investigators figure that the coop company made 3,600 per cent on its capital in 1932. Profits of both truck and coop company were estimated at close to a million dollars in that year. Both companies are owned and operated by the same group of officials. It was during the ascendancy of Weiner as czar of the industry from 1923 to 1928, when "Tootsie's" star rose, that the racketeers increased their power in the business until they dictated its policies and rates. The Metropolitan Feed Company is a comparative newcomer in the field. In 1930 Weiner and Herbert forced its reorganization and began a reign of terror to compel dealers to buy from them at from 50 to 100 per cent above the market rate. Long-established food dealers were forced to make deliveries like bootleggers, in the dead of night, and purchasers in self-protection had to hide and disguise the "outlaw" feed. Charles Schaefer and Son sold or tried to sell corn for $1.25 a bag delivered; Metropolitan charged $2.30. Schaefer sold Farina for $1.65; Metropolitan for $3. The Metropolitan was enjoined by Federal Judge Caffey on December 19, 1931, from forcing the purchase of feed exclusively from itself, but 95 per cent of the dealers are still buying from the Met because they fear to buy elsewhere.

The racket has not hesitated even at murder. The first was that of Bernard Baff, an independent dealer. Defying repeated warnings and the attempt to bomb his summer home, Baff was called out of his store on 125th Street in 1914 and shot to death. The following year two eyewitnesses of the murder were killed. One of the slayers of Baff confessed that a purse of $4,200 was raised by 100 poultry men to divide among the slayers. Of the six men indicted, three were sentenced to death, but one was freed in 1918, another in 1921, and the third was given a full pardon by Al Smith in 1928. Of the other three, one was acquitted and two convicted of manslaughter. Moe Rosenstein, one of these two, the man who raised his hat as a signal to the killers, wasn't even taken into custody until December of 1918, four years after the slaying, and was shortly afterward paroled. The other man convicted of manslaughter was released in 1923. The racket chalked up three murders in 1934—Irving Bernstein, Abraham Cohen, and Max Livingston. Harry Baff, son of the Bernard Baff who was murdered in 1914, was one of the complaining witnesses against the Bronx racketeers who wrecked the S. S. and B. plant in 1933. Baff was a partner in the S. S. and B. It bought coops from "outsiders" rather than from the New Jersey Coop Company. Joseph Weiner threatened violence, and a strike of *schochtim* unless this practice was stopped. When these threats were ignored, stronger measures were adopted.

At 3 a.m. on April 6, 1933, police cruising in a radio car found a gunman, Jacob Roth, holding up a partner, a customer, and a night watchman while six gangsters were systematically wrecking the interior of the S. S. and B. plant. Although caught in the commission of the crime, the gangsters were released by Magistrate Edward J. Walsh on the ground that the grand jury had failed to indict. District Attorney Samuel F. Foley moved for indictments for conspiracy and in the meantime put Baff and three partners in the county jail for safekeeping, fixing bail at $25,000 each. Racket bondsmen appeared the next morning to get the witnesses out. The latter, realizing that none of their friends could raise that much money, refused to leave. Aggregate bail was increased to $1,050,000, and the racketeers sought a writ of habeas corpus to get the witnesses before trial. Three of the gangsters finally went to jail for from four to six months and four others for from six months to three years. Weiner was given three years for his part in the wrecking but served only 299 days before he was paroled. Weiner prevailed on a number of prominent social workers to go to Judge Francis Caffey with a plea for mercy on the ground that he had been giving $50,000 a year to Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant charitable institutions. Since Weiner had testified at his trial that his income was insignificant, Judge Caffey added two years in jail for perjury, terming Weiner "one of the most contemptible liars" he had ever met. Weiner is now serving that sentence in a federal penitentiary, out of reach of the Tammany-influenced parole board.

There are strong grounds for suspicion that just as the workers and decent business men of the market are tools in the hands of the racketeers, so the racketeers are but part of a criminal network that reaches high up into the Tammany organization. In 1926 the city health department refused licenses to eighteen independent dealers. Benjamin F. Schreiber, who had been campaign manager for Jimmy Walker, appeared as counsel in opposition to the granting of the licenses. In the investigation which followed, Health Commissioner Louis I. Harris declared that a well-organized graft ring had been collecting about $1,000,000 a year from furnishing poultry dealers with licenses to carry on their business. In 1929 the federal government obtained the in-

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dictment of ninety dealers in the poultry racket on charges of violating the anti-trust laws, and sixty-six were convicted. With all due respect to Judge John Knox who imposed the sentences, they seem to have been very light. Sidney Rosenstein was fined $500 and given four weeks in jail—and both fine and sentence were suspended. Charles Herbert got two weeks in jail. "Tootsie" Herbert was fined $500 and sentenced to eight weeks in jail. The sentence was suspended. Both Local 167 of the Teamsters and the Official Orthodox Poultry Slaughterers of America, Inc., were put on five years' probation at that time.

"Tootsie" has an interesting record as a labor leader. Dues in Local 167 were raised from $4 to $5 a month in 1933 and then, several months ago, to $10 a month. Workers get $47 a week for a forty-four-hour week but most of them work less than two weeks a month. During the conspiracy trial of 1929 every member was assessed $50 for legal costs and $25 for each of the several recent trials of "Tootsie." The delegates ("Tootsie" is one) have arbitrary power in the assignment of work, and the kickback is said to be widespread, although no one dares protest publicly. The Department of Markets estimates the union's revenues from dues and fines at $56,000 a year and its expenses at $6,000. Local 440 of the Slaughterers, dominated first by Weiner and now by Charles Herbert, has dues of $6 a month plus 3 per cent monthly for the unemployment fund. In both unions those who incur the displeasure of the delegates are victims of discrimination. Recently seventy-two members of Local 440 were expelled for "communistic activities," that is, for opposing Herbert. A court order reinstated them. When the Department of Markets began its investigation, Herbert offered his resignation to Local 440, expecting a vote of confidence. Unfortunately for him the rank and file moved for a secret ballot and won the motion. On the secret ballot Herbert's resignation was accepted by a vote of 144 to 118, and later Herbert's lieutenants were voted out of office. The ouster vote was made possible by the presence of detectives and Markets Department officials to protect those who wanted to vote against the Herbert slate. First Herbert announced that he would form a new union of his own. (The attorney for the rank and file informed the Markets Department that John J. Walsh, vice-president of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of America, had promised Herbert a new charter within ten days.) Later, when newspaper publicity made it impossible for the International to give Herbert a new charter even if it had wanted to, Herbert's officers simply refused to recognize the validity of the election which voted them out. It may take months of court action to enable the new officers to take possession of the union's records and treasury. In the meantime the International has revoked the charter of 440, and Herbert is expected to get a charter for a new union he can control.

If the Butchers' International has hardly tried to help clean Charlie Herbert out of Local 440, at least one official of the Teamsters' International has actively given comfort to "Tootsie" Herbert. When the city appealed to Matthew Woll of the A. F. of L. for aid in ending the poultry racket, Mr. Woll arranged to have Michael J. Cashal, vice-president of the International Brotherhood of Chauffeurs, Teamsters, Stablemen, and Helpers of America, named as the A. F. of L.'s representative to cooperate with the city. Mr. Cashal began by making an address before Local 167, "Tootsie" Herbert's union, in which he advised the members to ignore the Commissioner's request that complaints be lodged with the Department of Markets, and termed the inquiry a "communistic plot." The chief "Communist" in this "communistic plot" is William Fellowes Morgan, Jr., Commissioner of Public Markets, Weights, and Measures. Another is Deputy Commissioner Alexander Hamilton, a collateral descendant of Alexander Hamilton and a nephew of J. P. Morgan. Edward W. Scully, an attorney for rank-and-file groups within the Teamsters, called the attention of William Green to Cashal's statements and to the record in two Labor Board cases that reflect on Cashal's own character as a labor leader. In one case, W. T. Cowan, Inc., discharged its drivers when they insisted that the terms of their union contract be enforced. Neither the officers of the local, 807, nor Cashal could be reached by the men or their attorney, Scully.

Finally one delegate was interviewed. He said the union contract with W. T. Cowan, Inc., could not be found. Independent rank-and-file action through the Regional Labor Board, despite the indifference of the leadership, forced the rehiring of the men. The other case illustrates even more graphically the widespread reports that Mr. Cashal's union makes very little effort to maintain and enforce its contracts once it has come to an agreement with the employer. This is the case of the Howard Trucking Company, Case No. 1571, heard by the New York Regional Labor Board on May 17 of this year with the decision handed down May 20. Teamsters employed by the company got tired of waiting for their shop steward to enforce their contract and on March 20 elected a new representative. On April 2 the regular shop steward called a meeting of men and management to discuss the contract. The secretary-treasurer of Local 807, McCrann, presided and gave a long-winded talk on how bad unemployment was. The employer made a pep talk. Then a vote was called for—on whether or not to enforce the terms of the contract. The employer won, by a majority of one. The rank and file charge intimidation in the vote. Two days later the man who had been newly elected shop steward by the rank and file was called in by the employer, told "this isn't Russia," and discharged. Later a second man was discharged after he was seen talking in a restaurant with the insurgent leader. Thereafter all union helpers were fired and replaced with "wagon boys" at a lower rate of pay. All Local 807 did was to advise the helpers to turn in their union cards and get back the money they had paid into the union. The NRA expired before the decision could be enforced and the men are still out.

Charges were filed with the International against officials of Local 807, but their only answer was to publish an "Important Notice" in the International's official magazine for June. The notice warned that any member joining any "club or organization, whether it be political, social, or religious, in which the affairs of our union are discussed" will be suspended by his local, and any local failing to suspend such a member will be suspended by the International. Members were warned against "such institutions and rackets. They are not only attempting to inject their serpentine fangs in our local unions in large cities, but they have done so in other unions of labor. Some are communistic but

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most of them are legal rackets. I might further state that the national government will not permit such movements to continue, especially if they contemplate interfering with interstate traffic. . . . Members, beware of false prophets who come to you dressed in sheep's clothing but who are in reality ravenous wolves."

William Green's reply was to forward the charges against Cashal to Cashal and Matthew Woll "for consideration and reply so that I can more intelligently and correctly make answer to the suggestions you offer and the recommendations you submit. I have always entertained a high regard for Mr. Cashal, vice-president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. For this reason I am reluctant to accept the complaint against him as well founded." Mr. Scully replied by requesting a full hearing and asking, "Does Mr. Cashal's charge that the city's drive is communistic have the approval of the federation?" Mr. Green has yet to answer that question.

[*Part II of Mr. Feinstein's article, on the building-trades racket, will appear next week.*]

The Meaning of the Modern Drama

II. The Shavian Dilemma

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN the preceding article of this series it was suggested that a number of the plays written in America during the last ten or twelve years were not without a certain literary significance, even though they might seem to lack the definite socio-political implications characteristic of both the older "problem play" and the newer "revolutionary drama." To them we shall return later, but it seems obvious enough that much less can be said in favor of the Victorian theater against which Bernard Shaw conducted his relentless campaign. Notoriously it depended upon adaptations from the French for even semi-serious plays, and the literary as well as the sociological significance of the native drama was very nearly nil. There have been, as a matter of fact, only two or three periods during which the history of the English drama became a part of the history of English literature and this was decidedly not one of them.

Broadly speaking it may be said that between Sheridan and Oscar Wilde no successful writer for the English stage deserves to be ranked as a man of letters. It is true that the names of a few plays—"Richelieu" and "The Lady of Lyons," "The Two Orphans" and "The Bells"—are dimly remembered. It is also true of course that Byron and Shelley and Tennyson and Browning wrote sometimes in the dramatic form. But their plays either were not intended for the stage or were unsuccessful when acted, and one may safely make a sweeping generalization: during most of the nineteenth century in England the men of letters were not successful playwrights and the successful playwrights were not men of letters.

Of all the literary forms the acting drama is undoubtedly the one which seems to have the greatest difficulty in maintaining a connection with serious literature, and the lamentable unsuccess of the few eminent Victorians who attempted to reestablish the connection merely indicates how completely it has been broken.

In a sense, the theater flourished. It boasted actors who were reputed to be great and who with apparent insouciance alternated their interpretations of Shakespeare with declamations of the most dreadful drivel. It was also popular as a peculiar sort of diversion apparently relished by people who took for granted that they would not find in it any pretense at the intelligence or integrity which they expected in poetry or the novel. Through the Victorian novel runs the current of the best thought and the most acute sensibility of the time. But the age which produced and enjoyed Dickens, George Eliot, Thackeray, and Meredith seemed ready to assume that no attempt to reach a comparable level was to be expected in the theater.

The only explanation of both the barrenness of the Victorian theater and the complacency with which it was accepted seems to be that the drama had been completely given up as a form of serious expression. Though Tennyson, like Henry James somewhat later, happened to be taken with an odd ambition to write plays, the general feeling seems to have been that the acting drama was lost to literature and that it could no longer be used by the serious literary artist.

From this situation it could be rescued only by a kind of revolution, and that revolution—astonishingly successful in the end—was, of course, the one inspired by Ibsen and, in England, generated by Shaw. The revolution was, moreover, carried out by the boldest of possible methods, since it proposed to emphasize in dramatic writing the very virtues which had been the most completely non-existent in the current tradition, namely, the intellectual. The Victorian drama was unsually bad from almost every standpoint except, perhaps, that of pure mechanics. It made little effort in the direction of either any valid representation of character or the utilization of any except a distinctly sub-literary style. But in no respect was its lag more conspicuous than in the staleness of its moral and social ideas, which were not merely vulgar but also vulgar in a fashion distinctly behind the time. Yet "the new drama" as championed—and, as he himself admitted, to some extent merely imagined—by Shaw, was to be primarily intellectual. The drama was not merely to catch up with the best of current thought; it was to be ahead of it, and from having constituted a stagnant backwater it was to become a roaring torrent in which the most advanced and vertiginous ideas were to sweep onward.

To an amazing degree these ambitions were actually realized. Shaw himself might contemptuously announce that there was nothing original in his plays. His startled readers need not go even so far afield as Ibsen and Nietzsche.

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They could find it all in their own neglected genius, Samuel Butler. And yet, though there is a good deal of truth in this, the fact remains that it was largely through the "new drama" that these "modern" and "advanced" ideas were actually popularized, that the premises of an Ibsen or a Shaw ceased to be the esoteric possession of a few and gradually came to constitute the general background of early twentieth-century thought.

It is true of course that the drama had no exclusive right to them; they passed either from the drama or from other original sources into general literature. It is also true that the drama as reading exercised far more influence than could have been exercised by the relatively infrequent performances of the best of the new plays. On the whole, moreover, printed volumes of Shaw and Ibsen and Strindberg and Hauptmann and the rest were read for the most part less because their audience was interested in the theater than because it was interested in ideas. The importance of the plays was only secondarily their importance as dramatic literature, and to that extent the intention to intellectualize the drama may be said to have overstepped itself. But however one may think of Ibsen and Shaw, the fact remains that their plays present in compact and vivid form the convictions and attitudes which were revolutionizing the intellectual background against which the literature of the whole of one generation was to be written. The drama had come back with a vengeance.

The peculiar, almost unique character of the plays consists in the fact that, to a degree nearly unprecedented in dramatic literature, their authors were fighting their audience. Shaw's central criticism of Shakespeare—that his point of view was merely that of the Elizabethan man in the street—is based upon an accurate observation. But, speaking broadly, much the same thing might be said of Sophocles or of Molière. That directness and simplicity which marks all the great works of literature and which gives them the air which is vaguely called "classic" is possible only when the author can take for granted the whole substratum of knowledge and belief, the whole system of values, by reference to which the story achieves its meaning. Such works are, in other words, the final flowers of an established and flourishing culture. Even when, as in the case of Molière, they included important critical elements, the criticism is rather corrective than revolutionary. It involves no fundamental readjustment of standards, and the determination to "transvaluate values" is so completely alien to the classic spirit that it is incompatible with the creation of a classic work.*

Much of the awkwardness, as well as much of the characteristic quality, of the drama stemming from Ibsen arises out of the fact that its authors were trying to tell stories the intended significance of which could not emerge unless the auditor could be made to revolutionize his moral and intellectual equipment. Ibsen, being somewhat more of an artist and somewhat less of a teacher than most of the rest, was content to leave in his plays a certain ambiguity inevitable in a story whose premises remained not wholly comprehended. Shaw, being the most voluble as well as, in certain respects, the most prosy of the lot, tried to get around the difficulty by the long prefatory sermons whose purpose was to implant in the mind of the prospective reader those ideas necessary for the correct comprehension of the play. But neither Ibsen's willingness to remain provocatively puzzling nor Shaw's interminable preliminary discourses relieved either of the necessity of a great deal of explanation and argumentation as he went along.

"Ghosts," to take a familiar example, is in its most "classic" aspect a tragedy of ineluctable fate taking the form of hereditary disease. On a different level it is also a story whose theme is the evil wrought by hypocrisy and concealment. But that is not all. When Molière wrote "Tartuffe" he could safely assume that his audience would recognize the hypocrisy of the central character as precisely that. Ibsen on the other hand knew that, to at least many in his audience, the hypocrisy of Parson Manders would appear not as hypocrisy at all but only as a form of decency which shrank from mentioning the unmentionable. He knew also that the parson's refusal to tell Oswald the truth about his disreputable father was based upon the conviction that children should be encouraged to follow the Biblical injunction, "Honor thy father and thy mother." On the whole, the audience would tend to agree rather with Parson Manders than with Ibsen, and it was accordingly necessary to introduce various debates upon this and other subjects, which debates—and this is the important point—were relevant not to the action but to the premises in terms of which the action could become meaningful.

One result of all this is that even such a play as "Ghosts," certainly one of the best of the school, must always have seemed slightly awkward. It could not move forward with the swift decisiveness of the popular melodrama, which takes for granted everything except the particular action itself, or of, say, a tragedy by Shakespeare, who could at least take for granted that his purely intellectual premises were near enough those of the Elizabethan man in the street to require no defense. Another result is that for us, some half a century later, most of the arguments have become mere boresome excrescences, for the simple reason that the issues with which they deal are no longer living.

Thus both Ibsen and Shaw have suffered from the fact that they argued too well. Their paradoxes have turned into platitudes, and it does little good to remind ourselves that it was they who made them platitudinous. Parson Manders asks Mrs. Alving if she feels any better for having read certain shocking books on her table, and when Mrs. Alving replies that she feels not better but "safer," she sounds uncomfortably like Mr. Marquis's Hermione, because Hermione is exactly a person who goes on repeating "advanced ideas" which are no longer advanced.

At its flattest—for example, in the plays of Brieux—"the new drama" was no more than a pamphlet in dialogue form upon some very limited and concrete topic. At its best—say, in "Hedda Gabler"—it very nearly transcends its own limitations. The problem there is a problem of character and cannot become platitudinous for the reason that a platitude must necessarily be statable as a simple proposition. In general, the most lasting work of the best "new dramatists" is that which is least specific, and plays like "A Doll's House" and "Widowers' Houses" are almost completely dead, while "The Wild Duck" and "Man and Superman" are still interesting, precisely because the

* I am not, of course, forgetting that "Tartuffe" was the occasion of a scandal, but the scandal was not the result of any revolutionary definition of morality. It was due solely to the fact that the villain was a priest.

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two first prove a point which can be equally well argued in abstract intellectual terms.

To say this is by no means to say that these dramatists should have written otherwise. The only culture or "ideology" which they could have taken for granted was one whose vitality was already exhausted, and their choice was probably limited to a choice between mere conventionality and the sort of pioneering work which they chose to do. The time was out of joint; but, as an artist, any one of them might have been forgiven for exclaiming, "Oh, cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right." It was the necessity for doing just that which made it necessary for even Ibsen, surely the greatest of the group, to spend much of his time either in the effort to establish his premises or in the composition of works bound to lose their interest as soon as they should have accomplished their purpose.

Though he never, as far as I know, made any public profession of the fact, it is evident that Shaw came to realize at last that his pioneering work had been finished. However backward society may have continued to be, and however superficial the acceptance of "advanced ideas" may have remained, audiences were, nevertheless, ready to accept plays written from the Shavian point of view. The next step was obviously to abandon the effort to propagandize these ideas and actually to write the plays which their acceptance made possible. To Shaw's credit it must be said that from "Saint Joan" on that is exactly what he attempted to do. Perhaps most of the later plays were not very good. Perhaps they were conspicuously less successful in achieving their purpose than the early ones had been in achieving a different purpose. But the intention was admirable. The premises of a newer drama had been established and, logically, the next task of the dramatist was to create that drama.

Next week I shall discuss what the premises of the new drama were and also to what extent the American playwrights of the decade just past succeeded in building a significant literature upon them.

Roosevelt's Hollow Triumph

By PAUL W. WARD

Washington, August 29

THE first session of the Seventy-fourth Congress—which would have ended August 24 instead of two days later had not the President of the United States been caught trying to work both sides of the street in the cotton business—added at least a dozen items to Franklin D. Roosevelt's already long list of lost opportunities, hacked several cubits from his public stature, and left in its wake no clear-cut issues of its own devising to dominate the 1936 campaign.

All the victories it gave Roosevelt were empty ones, judged by the New Deal's pretensions, and the fault for that lies in him. As President—though the Constitution deny it—he is the nation's chief legislator, and as President, he is leader of a party that had more than a two-thirds' majority in both houses of Congress. In addition, he had at his command the biggest boodle-bag of patronage in history, and on top of that he had the blessing of the American people, bestowed in overwhelming fashion at the polls just two months before the session began. He was in position, therefore, to push through Congress anything he wanted and in whatever form he wanted it.

What use did he make of that power? What did he obtain from the Congress besides a peace-time record total of more than $10,000,000,000 in appropriations, nearly a tenth of which was dedicated to the anomalous purpose of implementing his "friendly-neighbor" policy by building the army and navy to unprecedented size? In the coming months you will be told over and over again that he wielded his power with almost fiendish skill and that Congress granted his every wish—for it is plain that he plans to make success his campaign issue. Each bill he asked for and received will be listed, but only by name, for on closer examination the hollowness of each will be patent.

What he got was a works program that already is a shambles, a social-security bill that is little more than a compulsory-savings device imposed upon the poor and a dead weight upon the capitalist economy he seeks to buoy up, a tax bill that can be called nothing less than disgraceful, and a banking bill that, completely evading the need for fundamental reforms in the banking structure of the nation, vests in a demonstrably irresponsible Administration vast powers for doing evil and only the most tenuous ones for doing good. Attempts also will be made to chalk up to his credit the Wagner labor-disputes bill, which had to be forced upon him, and the mandatory neutrality resolution, which he openly fought, only to reverse his position when it became apparent that the populace interpreted his stand as one opposed to neutrality *per se* and that he therefore was endangering his chances of reelection. Subsequently he demonstrated in his protest note to Russia, a document into which he himself is understood to have inserted the "most serious consequences" threat, that proponents of the mandatory resolution were sound in their distrust of his ability to handle foreign relations with a circumspect regard for the dangerous delicacy of the present international situation and no regard whatever for the screams of William Randolph Hearst.

He obtained what amounts to a complete vindication from Congress of his agricultural program through amendments designed to safeguard the AAA from court attack, but in the process that riches-through-scarcity device was converted from an emergency to a permanent program, and the plainly unconstitutional and anti-social Bankhead (cotton) and Kerr-Smith (tobacco) compulsory-control acts were made a part of the organic Adjustment Act. Furthermore, under sectional pressure and with the help of that great champion of states' rights, individualism, the Constitution, and windbaggery, William E. Borah, there was inserted in the Adjustment Act the Bailey-Warren scheme for curtailing potato production so that the price of this staple may be pushed upward as the price of pork—"the

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workingman's meat"—has been pushed upward. Meanwhile, in the face of continued opposition from publishers fearful that honest advertising cannot also be lucrative, Roosevelt deftly dropped out the back window the pure-food-and-drug bill, which might at least have caused quality to keep abreast of prices in their rise.

Refusing to take a firm stand in the matter of revising the NRA so that it would stand some chance of fulfilling its pretensions, he asked only that its life be extended two years and then left Congress to flounder in a morass of conflicting instructions from the White House until the Supreme Court's decision in the Schechter case was handed down. Whereupon, after assuring labor leaders that he would fight not only the implications of the court's decision but also its immediate consequences, he threw in the sponge, ran, and kept on running—pausing only to toss a few reassurances to industrialists that the NRA's death had not revived the anti-trust laws—until the eve of Congress's adjournment. Then, cautiously, he turned back, hoping to restore himself to the good graces of those who had damned him for his flight—and also to double his reassurances to the industrialists—by suggesting that certain Congressional committees attempt this fall to devise a plan for saving "such social and economic advantages as were gained" from the NRA.

Meanwhile, under pressure from a labor and industry lobby, he had pushed through Congress the economically indefensible Guffey coal-stabilization bill, an elaboration of the NRA bituminous coal code with a punitive tax added for enforcement purposes, but had refused to back legislation for federal regulation of the oil industry, though it was urged in the public interest by a member of his Cabinet, Secretary Ickes. As a result, according to competent observers, there is in the making another wasteful orgy of oil production in which crude prices will be beaten down, independent companies will be forced through the financial wringer by the Rockefeller, Mellon, and Sinclair interests, and oil stocks will be sent crashing—all to the end that insiders may reap fat profits on the rebound which will follow the consequent revival of agitation for federal regulation.

By facing both ways at once Roosevelt also brought about the death of legislative efforts to instil some measure of decency into the merchant-marine subsidies, though he had proclaimed loudly his intention of putting an end to the scandalous situation there existing. On the other hand, prodded by the stupendous sincerity and zeal of Norris in the Senate and the uncompromising militancy of Maverick in the House, he stood firm on the TVA and won a pluperfect victory in the fight to strengthen this best of New Deal measures.

Then, a whole flock of his chickens suddenly having come home to roost, he led the Congress into one of the most nauseous demonstrations of political chicanery and selfish sectionalism that ever provided the grand finale for a Congressional session. Snared by his own price-boosting theories, he found himself under intense pressure from Southern Congressmen to continue the federal loans to planters by which he had pegged the price of cotton at twelve cents. Simultaneously, he found himself under equally intense pressure from textile manufacturers and from middlemen, whose profits depend on volume, to remove the price peg. Wallace, Davis, and other Agricultural Department officials joined in privately urging the latter course upon him from a third viewpoint—the public interest. But the political price of adopting that course was more than Roosevelt was willing to pay and, characteristically, he resorted to compromise.

Just forty-eight hours before Congress was scheduled to adjourn he announced his plan. There would be a continuance of the cotton loan—at nine cents, however, instead of twelve—but the growers would be "assured" of getting at least twelve cents through a federal bounty representing the difference between that figure and the average price at which they actually sold their cotton. This bounty was, in effect, an export subsidy, for it was explained that by lowering the actual selling price of cotton it was hoped to increase exports of the staple; it mattered little to Mr. Roosevelt that on the previous day a Cabinet committee including Wallace and Hull had emphatically rejected the textile industry's plea for an export subsidy for cotton goods on the ground that it would produce retaliatory measures by other countries.

Announcement of the plan brought screams from cotton-state Senators, including two of Roosevelt's own legislative field marshals, "Cotton Ed" Smith and Byrnes of South Carolina. Standing shoulder to shoulder with George of Georgia, they swore on the floor of the Senate that Roosevelt had promised all three faithfully that if the Bankhead act were reenacted—as it was—he would continue the twelve-cent loan, and on the strength of his pledge they had assured the cotton industry, merchants, brokers, mill men, and bankers that it would be safe for them to make commitments on the twelve-cent basis. For weeks they had been issuing public assurances of that kind each time the cotton market sagged. Loudly now they damned the White House for breach of faith and for failure to consult Members of Congress from the cotton-growing states before advancing the new plan, which, they said, could bring only ruin in its wake. The plan itself was fraudulent, they argued, in that it would not assure the growers a twelve-cent return. It would, they said, work especial hardship on the thousands of tenant farmers and share-croppers who, receiving not cash but commissary credits for their crops, would not be sellers within the meaning of the plan and therefore would not receive the bounty. (Incidentally, the Bankhead tenant-farmer bill, which was to have been the Administration's remedy for the cruelties its crop-control program had worked among share-croppers, was allowed to die in the House.) It soon appeared, however, that the ruin these Senators most feared was their own political ruin; privately they predicted their own defeats in the 1936 elections if the plan were not abandoned. Their places would be taken, they said, by such gentry as Talmadge of Georgia and Cole Blease of South Carolina, and Huey Long would run Joe Robinson, the majority leader, not only out of the Senate but also out of Arkansas.

With Robinson's aid they turned upon the White House and blocked adjournment by attaching to the third deficiency bill—carrying the social-security, labor board, railroad pensions, and similar appropriations—a rider calling for a mandatory twelve-cent loan on cotton. To force support from grain-state Senators, they also tacked on a provision for a mandatory ninety-cent loan on wheat, although

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a price of $1 or better seems assured on wheat and the provision could have only the psychological effect of making its opponents appear to be foes of the wheat farmers. The show grew more noxious as leaders refused to let the loan riders come to a vote in the House. On the surface, their position was that of a tyrannical little clique defying democratic process. Actually, the riders had little chance in the House, where the populous industrial states have proportionately much greater representation than in the Senate. But what really dictated the stand of the House leaders was the terror of cotton-state Congressmen; they were afraid to vote on the issue.

Adjournment was blocked and the issue hung fire over Sunday. On Monday Roosevelt disavowed the advice of the AAA's experts, yielded to political expedients, and made a deal with the cotton-state Senators. Stuffing it down the throats of his non-partisan advisers, he revised his cotton plan, boosted the loan to ten cents, and put the bounty on a basis where, if the immense administrative difficulties ever can be overcome, the planters will be assured a net return of twelve cents for their cotton, that is, the landlords will get twelve cents, but not the share-croppers. In return for his surrender, the third deficiency bill was to be cleaned of its riders and sped through Congress, and both houses were to adjourn. That part of the deal was never consummated. Huey Long, seizing the opportunity to grab the adjournment headlines, broke it up with a filibuster. Bidding for the political strength that goes to any man who can demonstrate eminence in Congress, no matter how attained, and posing as one determined to prevent the Democratic majority in both houses from selling out the wheat farmers by letting the trick wheat-loan amendment die, he held the floor until Congress automatically adjourned at midnight. He was aided by Administration Senators and by Vice-President Garner, who snatched at the opportunity to smash the Kingfish by firing at him questions designed to make it appear that he alone was killing the third deficiency bill with its social-security and railroad-pension appropriations, though until that afternoon, when Roosevelt wilted, they themselves had been willing to see it die. Until the clock struck twelve, they peppered Huey with adjurations on the plight in which he was leaving "crippled children," "widowed mothers," "the blind," and "the aged."

In the days that followed immediately upon adjournment the White House took up the fight to bring the Kingfish to the political guillotine by the same spurious device. Ostentatiously Roosevelt held conferences on how to get around the financial tangle produced by the third deficiency bill's death. Strangely enough, a way was quickly found to finance everything but the social-security program. The impasse there was well advertised, with emphasis laid upon the fact that the appropriation involved amounted to $76,000,000. No mention was made of the fact that FERA funds were readily available to meet any distress—and, for that matter, any other need—caused by the appropriation's death, and Roosevelt as cautiously dodged questions designed to bring out that no appreciable part of the fund would have been expended before Congress reconvenes in January, had it been made available.

This, then, was what he got from Congress—a string of what the sports writers call "moral victories" when they allude to defeats that might have been worse. One need not look far for the reason. The trouble lies largely in the fact that Roosevelt did not know what he wanted, and when Congress convened on January 3 he had ready for it only a lot of fulsome generalities. Months of conferring with his advisers had yielded no definite program, for he had not then—and has not yet—been able to decide what kind of a country we should have. He attempted to disguise his indecision and his lack of preparation by tackling one problem at a time and sending a separate message on each to Congress whenever the spirit moved him, but his plight early was made plain in his message that produced the $4,880,000,000 work-relief bill. Meanwhile, he had made a half-hearted attempt to obtain American participation in the World Court, and being uncertain as to whether it was worth the bother, had accepted defeat with a laugh.

His insincerity in this instance was to have a later sequel when, after vetoing the bonus bill, he erased the last vestige of his Economy Act by signing the Spanish-American war veterans' pension measure. His lieutenants in Congress, as well as officials of the Veterans' Bureau, had fought the bill, advancing logical arguments in support of their fight, which he himself had ordered. When the bill passed, he forgot the arguments.

His refusal to elaborate the work-relief bill by providing Congress with the details of what he planned to do with the gargantuan appropriation kept Congress embattled over the measure for approximately 100 days, or nearly half the session. That refusal was skilfully represented to the public at the time as a gallant fight to keep Congress from converting the bill into a pork-barrel measure. Subsequent events have shown he refused merely because he had no plan. The only theory behind the bill, it since has developed, was that Congress and big business might resist a huge appropriation for direct relief but would swallow one for something called "work." Hand in hand with that theory went a Presidential conviction that in 1936, when his campaign battle cry must be something like "Keep on Succeeding with Me," it would be embarrassing to have 4,000,000 families on "relief." Ergo, the thing to do was to provide them with "work." What matter it if this "work" were precisely what members of more than 2,000,000 of those families had been doing on "relief"? The name would be changed from "work" to "jobs"; instead of "relief" pay in proportion to their needs, the workers would receive a "security" wage; business men would be grateful for this undermining of wage rates in private employment; and when the "work" gave out the workers could be dumped back on the barbaric poor laws of the various states and the Roosevelt Administration would be rid of its chief budgetary dilemma.

If the "security" wage and relief issues rise up to plague him in the 1936 campaign—as they threaten to do—Roosevelt will strive to smother the clamor with apostrophes on his social-security program, which he regards as "monumental" but which, in reality, represents only another of his lost opportunities. Brought into being with great ballyhoo and laborious preparations, it comprises an ugly amalgam of social-insurance systems in the primitive form in which they were instituted in Europe years ago, which, despite subsequent improvements, never have produced security. In Roosevelt's program, improvements will be difficult because

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it relies upon supplementary legislation by the states. It represents a social point of view less enlightened than that of the Iron Chancellor, Bismarck, who forty years ago in Germany recognized that the state must bear some of the cost of social insurance; under Roosevelt, the worker must bear all.

There is good reason to believe that Roosevelt's enthusiasm for the measure dwindled rapidly between June, 1934, when he notified Congress he would have a great social-security program ready for it at the next session, and the date of its actual passage. The experts called in to draft the bill were sequestered, their findings and advice ignored. Even the council of industrialists, scholars, welfare workers, and A. F. of L. leaders who were asked to represent the public as advisers took a too progressive view to suit the New Deal's creator, and so did his Cabinet committee, which, after paring down the advisory council's recommendations, found its own recommendations still further whittled by the President.

Next to the work-relief and the social-security bill stands the supplementary tax bill as a Rooseveltian lost opportunity. Though his Treasury Department bulged with statistical proof of the ghastly injustices in the existing tax system, he resorted to pure flimflam. He sent to Congress a resounding message, written, it is rumored, by Raymond Moley and designed solely to steal the thunder of Huey Long, Dr. Townsend, and other Share-the-Wealthers without snaring any of the lightning. He had intended merely to have his message treated as subject matter for consideration at the next session of Congress and, in the meantime, to garner the political fruits of his noble sentiments, knowing full well that major legislation is religiously eschewed by Congress in an election year. But he miscued, found himself compelled to order immediate action, and then plunged on into a performance so cheap and shoddy that it won the scorn of both those who hailed his tax message and those who should have been grateful for the subsequent collapse of his move to boost their taxes.

In the midst of his abject crawling to escape the issue which he himself had precipitated, he put on one of those episodes which explain his personal unpopularity among Congressional leaders. After instructing his legislative field marshals to attach his tax program to the nuisance-tax bill and push it through Congress within the week, he met the storm of protest this aroused by publicly and vehemently denying he had ordered such a course. He thereby made liars out of Senators Robinson and Harrison, who had announced his instructions on the White House steps. They writhed but kept silent. They are loyalists, if not New Dealers, and, besides, the experience was not new to them. As the men chiefly responsible for guiding Administration measures through the Senate, they had been balked more than once by the discovery that various of their colleagues had been given pictures of the President's attitude on vital questions quite different from the pictures Roosevelt himself had given them. Nor were they the only ones. Whereas Harrison was battered about in this fashion on the tax bill and the NRA extension bill, the choleric Carter Glass had been tossed about on the work-relief and banking bills; Wagner on the labor-disputes bill; Black and Copeland on the ship-subsidy bills; Clark, Schwellenbach, Pitman, and Bone on the munitions and neutrality bills—to mention only a few. Members of the House had had similarly bewildering and conflicting experiences.

Roosevelt is rather proud of his ability to send delegations from conflicting sides away persuaded that each has his complete sympathy and support. Blissfully he disregards the chaotic effect this little conceit has on the legislative process. It makes it easy for Old Dealers among the Democrats to throw monkey wrenches into the machinery and still claim to be supporting the President, and that factor is a vital one, for virtually all the key posts in the House and Senate are held, as a result of seniority, by hardened veterans from the most backward Southern states. Proclaiming their fidelity to the President's wishes, reactionary members of the majority whittled away the core of almost every major bill, while the ragtag and bobtail of both houses trotted at their heels and progressive members struggled to get Roosevelt to fight. When they succeeded at all, their success was short-lived. All the opposition had to do was to prolong the fight until it threatened to carry over into 1936 and create a campaign issue. Politicians themselves, they knew that Roosevelt was too much a politician to welcome any save fictitious issues in an election year.

Among the other memorable developments of the session just ended were the defeat of the anti-lynching bill at the hands of the men who are the Administration's stalwarts in the Senate; the death of the Tydings-McCormack disaffection bill, drafted by the War and Navy departments without objection from Roosevelt; the parallel death of that other monstrosity, the Kramer anti-sedition bill; and the lack of staunch Administration support for the Labor Department's bill to humanize the deportation laws and the consequent defeat of that measure. Organized labor is preparing to revive at the next session the Black thirty-hour-week bill, which was reported favorably in both houses but never reached a vote, and there is a similarly powerful movement along lines suggested by the O'Mahoney (A. F. of L.) bill, creating a federal incorporation law and licensing all industries moving goods across state lines. The railroad-pension bill was not passed until Roosevelt withdrew his opposition, maintained until his social-security program—with its relatively miserly pension system—had been passed and duly blessed.

At this writing Roosevelt has not yet acted on the revised Frazier-Lemke farm-mortgage moratorium act, which awaits his signature or veto. With mortgage-foreclosure riots again cropping out in the grain belt, this measure is part of a situation which seems certain to provide the chief bona fide issue of the 1936 campaign, one which may drastically alter the drift of American government. Agriculture once more is on the warpath, and only the Supreme Court can keep the peace. Out in Iowa farmers are building a $100,000 fund for a court attack against the protective tariff on constitutional grounds, in retaliation for industry's legal assaults, on similar grounds, against AAA processing taxes. If the Supreme Court agrees with numerous members of the lower judiciary and holds invalid not only the processing taxes but also the New Deal crop-control program in its entirety, it seems certain that the agrarian states will forget their states' rights shibboleths and clamor for constitutional reforms. To them the Supreme Court's verdict would mean: "No more benefit payments; no more price protection." There would be blood on the moon.

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Correspondence

Huey Long and Prison Labor

To the Editors of The Nation:

May we add a footnote to your article Huey Long and Labor in the issue of August 14? For more than a hundred years organized labor has carried on a war against the contract system of prison labor and against the sale of prison products on the open market. In 1929 Congress enacted the Hawes-Cooper law to aid the states in this fight. A score of them hastened to avail themselves of the power thus given them by the national legislation. Last year, at the instance of the combined forces of organized labor, manufacturers, trade bodies of all kinds, and the Louisiana Federation of Women's Clubs, a bill was introduced into the Louisiana legislature prohibiting the sale on the commercial market in Louisiana of goods manufactured in penal institutions. The opposition could muster only three votes against it in both houses, but several days after the legislature adjourned Senator Long instructed Governor Allen to veto the measure. This order was of course obeyed. The only beneficiary of this action of Long's and his governor's was a certain drygoods concern in New Orleans, which floods the New Orleans market with the prison-made products from other states. One of the members of this firm is a right-hand bower of the dictator.

New York, August 13 Leon Kellman,
Assistant Secretary, National Work Shirt Manufacturers' Association

"Facts and Texts"

To the Editors of The Nation:

In his reply to my review of his "Leaders, Dreamers and Rebels" Mr. Fülöp-Miller shows more anger than eagerness to establish the facts.

I had refused to believe that Lenin ever perpetrated that monstrous sentence, "It does not matter a jot if three-fourths of mankind perish. . . ." Mr. Fülöp-Miller simply retorts that the "skeptical amazement" with which Nomad "casts doubt upon a famous statement of Lenin's does not speak well of his knowledge of fact." He would have been more convincing if he had given the exact official source of that "famous statement."

I had likewise refused to believe Mr. Fülöp-Miller's statement (pp. 306-7) to the effect that in "his declining years" Marx "thundered" against the British trade unions' demand for the "legal establishment of the ten-hour day." If Mr. Fülöp-Miller is eager for the "facts and texts" on which I base my assertion as to Marx's conversion on this point, let him look up again that passage in Franz Mehring's authoritative Marx biography (page 154 of the 1923 Leipzig edition) which he apparently used but which he read very carelessly. "At that time" (i.e., in 1848) Mehring says, "Marx and Engels did not see in the ten-hour bill, *as they did later* [my emphasis], the victory of a principle."

Mr. Fülöp-Miller indignantly complains that I ascribe to him "the thesis that Sorel provided the foundation for syndicalism and the Action Française." Now, if he would only read his own book, he would find the following sentence on page 390: "Sorel's doctrine of force provided the foundation for French syndicalism, from his ideas sprang at this juncture the world-wide campaign against democracy, and from them likewise originated the program of the royalist Action Française."

Is it astonishing after all this that Mr. Fülöp-Miller flatly denies the obvious fact that his book was written in the spirit of fascism (Mr. Charles Angoff, in his review published in the *New Republic,* likewise pointed to this feature of the book); or that he should paraphrase my sentence, "Interesting reading though it is, the book is nevertheless not of those that can claim to be taken seriously," as, "It may be that Mr. Nomad is right when he says that books impelled by a desire for objectivity cannot lay claim to serious consideration"?

New York, August 15 Max Nomad

Mr. Lewisohn Should See It Through

To the Editors of The Nation:

Ludwig Lewisohn's review of David Goldberg's "Sussman Sees It Through" tells more about Mr. Lewisohn than it does about the book. It is very good of him to forgive the Ukrainian Jews for trying to live in Soviet Russia even if it means living in a socialistic state. He is very fatherly, too, about Mr. Goldberg's simplicity of heart; and very certain of the dialectic potency of Talmudic blood. No doubt the Talmudic blood in the veins of the Rosenwalds and the Warburgs enables them also to find a dialectical justification for their capitalistic thesis (my capital)—which they seem to embrace with at least the ardor of their misguided brothers in Russia hugging the Russian thesis.

If the form and substance of Jewish culture will not enable the Jews to live in a socialistic state, one fears their problem will remain unsolved. Surely Mr. Lewisohn does not think that God and the Talmud are backing Mr. Balfour? "Under the aspect of eternity Mecca and Moscow and Berlin are at one." Mr. Lewisohn might safely have added Jerusalem. If he thinks the Jews can be redeemed only "in the land of Israel and its contiguous territories" he is inimitably simpler than Mr. Goldberg—especially since Palestine and the neighboring regions happen to be occupied by a population which was redeemed in that territory centuries ago—or so they imagine.

Since Mr. Goldberg's emotional background is suspect because he is a Ukrainian, I wonder if Mr. Lewisohn would consider his own emotional background equally suspect because he is an assimilated German Jew. One should be impartial about blood tests.

New York, August 20 Celia Salkin

Two Errors

To the Editors of The Nation:

Corrections on proof led to two errors in my articles on "The Crisis of the Middle Class."

In the article on The Middle Class Under Fascism, a sentence (p. 209) reads: "Fascism profits only the small minority in the upper middle class, which becomes a dominant class within monopoly capitalism." The word "class" should be "caste."

In the article on The Middle Class Under Socialism, a sentence (p. 239) now reads: "They may still cling to middle-class ideals, but defense of capitalism, except in the case of salaried employees, is wholly opposed to their economic interests." The words "salaried employees" should be "higher-salaried employees."

New York, August 26 Lewis Corey

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Japan and Opium

To the Editors of The Nation:

Last autumn I heard some unpleasant stories about how drug traffickers had enormously increased their profits in North China through the protection they claimed under extraterritoriality as Japanese subjects. The common surmise that this was part of the secret Japanese foreign policy, a desire to sap the morale of the Chinese, was promptly contradicted by many who have known and loved Japan for many years. I was eager to know the truth and inquired when I reached Tokyo in February how matters stood. There my Japanese friends requested me to look for myself when I reached China and to report what I found to the Japanese authorities.

As soon as I arrived in Peiping I heard about the consistent increase in the drug traffic in North China during the past two years. As conditions are evidently at their worst in the demilitarized zone and I had friends living in the city of Changli, I decided to go and see what was happening. I went last week. The County of Changli has 400,000 inhabitants, the city 15,000. I found over thirty drug shops clustered outside the city wall, all belonging to Japanese or Koreans. Only one operates inside the wall, for Changli has been a prosperous and self-respecting community until quite recently and people were not willing to rent their premises for such a trade.

There is, of course, an alliance between the drug traffic and the gambling houses, lotteries, brothels, and pawn shops. When people bring their articles to the pawn shop it is often suggested to them that they take heroin or morphine instead of money. If an injection is desired a syringe is rented to the customer on the deferred-payment system. The first dose is obtainable at a low price but rises stiffly as the customer becomes an addict. Lotteries are something quite new in the people's experience, and the decrease in prosperity which has occurred during the last two years, owing in great measure to the fact that the Japanese have evaded payment of customs duty on imported goods, has made the idea of getting something for nothing specially attractive. One can purchase drugs for five cents and young people are freely served.

The city authorities have had to open a clinic for drug addicts. The magistrate was engaged in his office when I went to visit it, so without waiting to see him I asked to be shown the patients. There were twenty-five of them, all men, mostly young. Often the number is larger. The local authorities have tried over and over again to enforce the law against the trade in poisonous drugs, but the Japanese and Koreans have claimed on each occasion extraterritorial rights and refused to conform to custom or morality. For instance, at a theater which opens every day at 10 a.m. drugs are sold and a lottery is operated which takes in from $90 to $200 daily. This place was formerly run by the Chinese as a theater only but it was closed for obscenity. The Japanese took it over, reopened it, staged the same sort of plays, and added the other evils. The Chinese officials ordered it closed, but their authority was ignored. Firearms are also sold secretly. The San Mu Yang Hang is notorious for its ability to secure firearms for anyone who wants them.

These foreign firms often employ impoverished Chinese. An alert magistrate last year, quite within his authority, had several of them arrested, when they were not on their employers' premises. He confiscated the drugs they were carrying and dispatched the whole lot to Tientsin. The Japanese military from Lanhsien thereupon came to his office and claimed $7,000 damages for his action. Their troops ordered him to come to the barracks. He refused to go. They insisted, however, that he produce the money the next day. He procured privately $400 but they were not satisfied. The following day $2,000 more was extorted from him. A military representative of the Tientsin consulate then came along to inquire into the situation. The magistrate was told to sign a statement that he had not been held prisoner in his office. This he refused to do. A compromise was then effected, the magistrate signing a statement that he had been held only there by force.

All of the 160 drug shops in the County of Changli have been set up during the last two or three years. Sixty-five of the 160 shops have been opened this year. Prior to September 18, 1931, there were no shops in Changli selling opium and narcotics openly. At the time the Japanese entered Shanhaikuan, two years ago, there were five places where cigarettes, matches, etc., were sold, and opium and narcotics could be had secretly. Then they became more open, and one could see people lined up outside, as if waiting to buy. The conditions in Changli are better than in some of the other cities of the demilitarized zone. The worst places are Tangshan, Shanhaikuan, Lanhsien, Kaiping, Kuyeh, and Chinwangtao.

The danger to the young life of the community seems to the inhabitants so imminent that they are setting up associations for good citizenship, appealing to the public to guard against these evils in their midst. A day or two before my arrival the seesaw board from the children's playground had been stolen, evidently by some addict, for it was deposited in one of the pawn shops which give drugs instead of money in payment. The trader refused to give it back. A little while ago a carter left his horse for a moment and in that brief period the harness was removed and deposited in a pawn shop. Pawn shops are required by Chinese law to be registered as such and pay a tax to the government. The Japanese shops where stolen goods are now taken are not registered as regular pawnshops, pay no such tax, and have no legal right to operate. In a registered pawn shop, if a drug addict attempts to pawn something that looks like stolen goods, the proprietor is required to notify the police. But the Japanese-controlled places welcome these drug addicts and the police have no way of interfering.

Peiping, May 13 Muriel Lester

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Labor and Industry

An Assist for William Green

By HEYWOOD BROUN

"BALL one!" cried the umpire, and he had scarcely uttered the words before he realized that he was wrong. The sharpness of the curve had fooled him. Without question it had caught the corner of the plate. Nevertheless, the umpire waved the pitcher back when he rushed in to protest. Sullenly the southpaw threw another. It was wide and at least a foot above the batter's head. "Strike one!" cried the umpire and now his conscience was clear. He felt that he had achieved substantial justice by matching one mistake against another.

This practice is known among umpires as "evening up." Among leaders in Washington it is known as "good politics." I gravely suspect that some such impulse must have been in the mind of President Roosevelt when he sent the Russian note. Having displeased William Green in the "prevailing-wage" dispute, Mr. Roosevelt sought to bring him back into the reservation by writing just the sort of note to Moscow which would please the president of the American Federation of Labor.

But in so doing Mr. Roosevelt has violated the tradition that the President should not mix in the internal affairs of trade unions. The note came at a most unfortunate time for labor solidarity. Mr. Green's campaign for a purge was distinctly languishing. Even partisans of the A. F. of L. leader were inclined to explain that the stand in regard to the left-wing furriers represented action in a highly specialized case and not a permanent policy. The unofficial word went out that in spite of thundering speeches by Mr. Green and Matthew Woll there would be no serious attempt to split labor in twain by actually going after the "communistic."

But William Green has quite logically interpreted the note to Russia as a tip from the Administration that Communists and the "communistic" are fair game. The crisis in the teachers' union almost suggests that the A. F. of L. is going to move at least part way with the vigilantes. To me this seems a tragic policy. There has been ample proof already that employers are ready to use the "red scare" against any kind of strike whatsoever. Even in strikes wholly controlled by orthodox A. F. of L. leaders the red herring has been drawn across the picket line. I venture to predict that before the year is out Mr. Green himself will be criticized by chambers of commerce as a secret agent of the Russians. And with another six months for the hysteria to mount even Matthew Woll may not be safe from attack of the same sort.

Whatever complaints William Green has against the tactics of Communists in the labor movement, I think he ought to be made to see that he is playing directly into the hands of the industrial captains by trying to force a purge. Even if he succeeded in the monumental task of expelling every radical from every union, the employers would still be ready to cry "plot" and "communist." And a large part of the American public has been so riddled with propaganda that it is willing to believe that any group which asks for fifty cents a week more in pay or an hour less of work a week is under the direct leadership of Stalin.

As far as this particular public goes, the issues in any dispute are immediately lost to sight once the cry of "red" is raised, and it is certainly going to be difficult to argue against the goblin chasers as long as they are able to reply, "Why, even the head of the A. F. of L. says that the Federation is filled with revolutionaries who are boring from within." Machine-guns, blackjacks, tear gas, and bayonets are always ready for the hand of any employer who wants to beat back labor from its rights. The supreme folly is that labor leaders themselves should add to this equipment by turning over a battle-ax to their foes and saying, "Please hit me again."

In particular the new eagerness for a purge, which has been whipped up by the Roosevelt message, will act as a very serious barrier in the way of the promising movement for organization among white-collar workers. In fairness to Mr. Green I am quite willing to say that as far as the Newspaper Guild goes his cooperation has been ready and generous. His aid was of vital importance in the Newark strike, and he gave it in spite of the fact that the Guild at that time had not even advanced to a point of voting on the question of affiliation. William Green was looking farther ahead than some of the other leaders. He seemed to realize that this new group was rapidly gaining a realization that it was a part of the labor movement and belonged within the ranks of the organization. He seemed to understand that the we-don't-want-to-be-associated-with-bricklayers-and-truck-drivers attitude was a puppy pose which would soon be outgrown by these freshmen in the trade-union kindergarten.

But while many of us newspaper men and women have now reached a point where we understand the vital necessity of discipline along the economic front, the idea of a political censorship is brand-new and entirely repugnant. And I imagine the same thing is true of teachers. It is also true of printers. Indeed, from the beginning of time folk having anything to do with the preparation of papers have invariably been a crew ranging from the extreme right to the most leftward tiers. It is impossible to name any political philosophy which does not command some adherents in the city room, or the composing room. And it is utter nonsense to say that a worker who believes in the rugged individualism preached by Herbert Hoover can be a good trade-union member and that a man or woman who believes in the coming of the cooperative commonwealth cannot.

If the A. F. of L. were the backbone and animating force of an independent labor party, there might be some logic in saying, "When you join us for economic cooperation along trade-union lines you must also stick to us along political lines." But William Green and Matthew Woll seem to be contending that there is complete political freedom for A. F. of L. members with one exception. One exception is much too much to go along with freedom.

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Fort Peck: An American Siberia

By JAMES RORTY

AT Fort Peck, in northeastern Montana, the army engineers are building the biggest earth dam in the world across the Missouri River at a cost of $72,000,000. It is one of the more ambitious projects of the New Deal, but there are voices crying in the surrounding desert to say that this mighty project, so far as the workers employed on it are concerned, falls far short of fulfilling the Roosevelt promises.

What do they say, these voices of shovel runners, pile-drivers, truck drivers, cat skinners, carpenters, and plain pick-and-shovel laborers? They say—their voices are loud, profane, and bitter when you talk to them face to face as I did—that Fort Peck is an American Siberia. They say that they are exiles—overcharged and hustled about by the army, chiseled by profit-hungry contractors, helpless and desperate. I quote the Fort Peck *Project News:*

> The New Deal as exemplified on the Fort Peck project is a ghastly joke. There has been this result. Every sanctity of human rights has been violated by the army and its greedy partner. By their "Soviet" decree citizens are told where they must sleep, where they must eat. Families have been torn apart and the people's spirit has been undermined. The countryside has become a paradise for the honky-tonk . . . and kindred vice mongers.

Is it the model community of Fort Peck of which the editor is speaking? The Spotless Town you saw in the rotogravure sections as proof that the President's great dream of planning was being fulfilled? Yes, and the town is really spotless, much as described. The only trouble is that the workers can't afford to live in it, couldn't afford to even if they were single, which three-quarters of them are not, couldn't afford to even if the Spotless Town provided adequate accommodations for families, which it does not. Where they want to live, where hundreds of them were living when I was there, where they must live if they are to live with and support their families, is not the Spotless Town of the Fort Peck Reservation, but New Deal, Square Deal, Wheeler, Midway, Park Grove (there isn't any park), Lakeside (there isn't any lake)—a sprawling, malodorous slum-in-the-desert which you have never seen in the rotogravure sections and the like of which has probably never been seen in America before.

The army is loath to acknowledge responsibility for these mushroom towns, which it regards as unwanted nuisances. So early last year the army ruled that 80 per cent of the 5,000 men then employed on the project must live in Spotless Town. Immediately the workers protested. Live in Spotless Town? At what price? A common laborer works forty hours a week on the dam at 50 cents an hour. But he doesn't work every day, so that when he is obliged to pay a minimum of $8.40 a week for board and lodging in the barracks, about half of his earnings are spent for his personal subsistence. What happens to his wife and children? They go on relief and the worker goes to the honky-tonk, as I was assured by the social workers in the cities I later visited.

The workers' protest was the more bitter because they were already established in their pitiful towns *before* the army's barracks were completed and the army's dictatorial decree moving them to Spotless Town was issued. The protest, made through mass-meetings and in petitions to Senator Wheeler, finally brought action, and Secretary Dern withdrew the barracks order.

The mushroom towns around Fort Peck are unsanitary, dangerously located, many of them, on the flats of the Missouri River, and the insistence of the army that they be vacated would be entirely proper *if* adequate substitute accommodations for families were offered on the reservation at a reasonable price. Spotless Town, on the plateau above the river, has excellent water and sewage and plenty of room for expansion, and there has been time, since the pioneer period, for the building of adequate family quarters. When I asked why that had not been done, I was told that the army did not wish to encourage permanent residence on the dam site, since the permanent staff required to maintain the dam when completed will be small, and since there is no other source of employment in the region.

Over three-quarters of the workers on the project are married men with dependents. They have to be in order to get jobs—the Montana law establishes this preference in order to accomplish a maximum reduction of the relief load. But the housing built by the army provides accommodations for 3,456 single men in bunk houses, and temporary and permanent residences for only 300 families. So that there just isn't any place in Spotless Town for a workman with a family to live. Even the married civil-service employees can scarcely afford to live there. I talked to one of them who paid $35 a month for a five-room bungalow; fixed charges for water, gas, electricity, garbage removal, and garage brought this up to nearly $50 a month.

The army, of course, has its official explanation of these contradictions. Traditionally, a construction job in the wilderness is a job for single men and men who are prepared to abandon their families during the period of employment. Didn't the army post warnings in railroad stations and post offices that there were no accommodations for families on the reservation? It did, and the families came anyway. The reemployment service, in obeying the law, was giving preference to family men. But the army, obeying either its tradition or its instructions, set up barracks for single men on the army model. In the army, privates and corporals don't rate wives. At Fort Peck, not even a construction foreman rates a wife; Spotless Town offers him only a room and board at $40 a month.

There is another explanation of the charges. The cost of housing in Spotless Town has to be amortized over a period of four years when the dam will be completed. By whom? By the workers who are forced to use and pay for that housing. Why in four years and why by the workers? Ask the army, or better still, ask Secretary Ickes. Personally I doubt that the army is particularly to blame—it is merely executing orders. The same thing goes on at

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Grand Coulee, where the Reclamation Bureau is in charge.

But it is a rather ghastly joke just the same and it didn't get any better when I came to investigate the mushroom towns which the workers built to escape the chaste and too expensive beauties of Spotless Town. There are about a dozen of these towns, ranging in population from a hundred to twelve hundred, with a population in the Fort Peck area of perhaps ten thousand.* About half the homes are one-room shacks built of celotex and barn siding; some of them are automobile trailers and tents; others are half-timbered holes dug in the hillside as it rises from the flats of the Missouri River. There is no sewer system; every now and then the county health officer, reinforced by a sanitarian paid by FERA money, comes around and condemns some of the outhouses, also some of the shallow wells, which are the sole source of water.

The county was without funds, but the health officer sought aid from the state, which, being also broke, sought aid from the FERA. Eventually it got enough money to pay the salary of the sanitarian already mentioned, but when I was there neither the county, the state, the PWA, the FERA, nor the army had managed to achieve the obviously necessary preventive measure of inoculating the children of New Deal, Square Deal, Wheeler, and so on, for typhoid. The county health officer did his best. He obtained inoculations at cost from the state health department and offered three shots at 25 cents a shot to the parents of the mushroom towns. But there were few takers, because the workers simply couldn't afford the 75 cents.

Spotless Town has a clinic, well-administered so far as I could learn. The larger mushroom towns have attracted a few doctors, osteopaths, and painless dentists. The doctor in Wheeler told me that the week before he had been hurriedly summoned at midnight to one of these eight-by-twelve pulp-board shacks. It was occupied by a man, his wife, and two children, one four years old and the other two. The children were sleeping on a shelf. The woman was in labor. Not wishing to make a delivery by the light of a pocket flashlight, the doctor succeeded after much difficulty in securing her admission to the hospital at Glasgow. I was told of a two-room shack occupied by two couples, one with four children and the other with two; there were also two men boarders. I myself saw shacks where there was only slightly less congestion.

When the exiles of the Fort Peck project started naming things, the first name they considered for New Deal was Paradise Valley. It is a queer paradise indeed. And the irony of it is that even New Deal gives them a better deal than the deal they get in Spotless Town. It is at least human. It permits them to keep their families together. It permits them—barring the chances of illness and death from typhoid or influenza—to pay their bills, pay off a few of their back debts, and recover a little of the self-respect which idleness, insecurity, and dependence upon relief have cost them. A cat skinner getting 75 cents an hour told me that by cutting the cottonwoods of the river bottom for fuel and by other economies he was able to support his wife and two children on ten dollars a week. That, he pointed out, was better than spending almost as much for himself alone in the barracks of Spotless Town.

New Deal was less than a year old when I was there. But already it had become a parody of American civilization. It had a radio-repair shop, a movie palace, half a dozen small stores and restaurants, a real-estate office, an osteopath, a dentist, and a beauty shoppe. A couple of bunk houses contributed by the army had been converted into schools, and children living in the shack towns were admitted to the Spotless Town school. New Deal and nearby mushroom towns boasted of half a dozen saloon dance halls, and not all the taxi dancers were prostitutes. Many of them, just as on Broadway, were good girls engaged in supplementing the family income.

The people have many things to think about. They ponder over the bitter protest of the Montana Federation of Labor, whose president, James D. Graham, has charged that the earlier investigation of Fort Peck by the Public Works Board of Labor Review was a whitewash, that the contractors on the job are constantly chiseling, and that "trick" wage scales were inserted in the contracts after the contracts were awarded. It was charged at the hearing, and admitted by the Board of Labor Review, that these scales permit the employment of both semi-skilled and skilled labor for skilled workers' jobs at "helpers' " wages—rates alleged to be considerably below the level set in the contract for that type of work. This wage chiseling defrauded the workers of $50,000 in one week, according to an estimate by Graham.

In its report on the hearing the Board of Labor Review admitted that the type of chiseling protested against had been "brought to its attention from many different sections of the country." However, it declared its faith in the army's ability—and willingness—to remedy this condition, and closed with a hymn of praise to the uniformed engineers, who, according to the board, "have reason to be proud" of their work. Fort Peck workers don't think so.

* The disaster which the poverty and weakness of Fort Peck's mushroom towns had invited has struck that region since this article was written. Recently two cloudbursts and a tornado struck the valley in one day, demolishing scores of the workers' tar-paper and composition-board "homes" and leaving hundreds destitute. Army engineers herded the striken families into quarters at Fort Peck, "Spotless Town," which was undamaged by the storms, and doctors at nearby Glasgow worked all night administering medical aid and antitoxin supplied by relief agencies. The mushroom towns are now being rebuilt.

Contributors to This Issue

Isidor Feinstein is chief editorial writer of the New York *Post*.

Paul W. Ward is a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*.

James Rorty, author of "Our Master's Voice: Advertising," recently spent several months in the West investigating social and economic conditions.

Reinhold Niebuhr, professor of applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary, is the author of "Reflections on the End of an Era."

Joseph Barnes, editor of "Empire in the East," was formerly Russian expert on the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

Clara Gruening Stillman is the author of a biography of Samuel Butler.

W. Norman Brown is professor of Sanskrit at the University of Pennsylvania.

Melville J. Herskovits, professor of anthropology at Northwestern University, spent last summer in Haiti continuing his researches in the field of Negro culture.

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The Nation Index of Labor Welfare

As a result of a sharp midsummer decline in both employment and payrolls, *The Nation* Index of Labor Welfare shows working-class living standards in July to have been at the lowest point of the year. Employment in manufacturing and non-manufacturing industries was 157,000 less than in June, and nearly 200,000 less than in June, 1934. Total payrolls were $7,200,000 under those of the previous month, but somewhat higher than a year ago. Average weekly earnings fell from $21.58 in June to $21.31 in July, while the cost of living for industrial workers remained practically unchanged at 4½ per cent above the level of a year ago. The deterioration in status of the employed sector of the population was offset only in part by an improvement in the well-being of the unemployed. While the number employed by the WPA under the new government four-billion-dollar works program was negligible during July, there was a further reduction of 4 per cent in relief rolls, owing chiefly to better agricultural conditions.

Since July, 1934, marked the low point of last year's sharp summer recession in business activity, comparison of this year's figures with those of a year ago is not so unfavorable as it has been in recent months. Nevertheless, the position of the wage-earner remains materially worse than a year ago. Real wages are practically the same at 1 per cent below the 1932 average, but the number of unemployed has risen by approximately 500,000 and the number on relief has also substantially increased. In contrast to the decline in the real income of labor, the National City Bank's analysis of the net earnings of 260 industrial corporations showed a combined net profit of $313,000,000 for the first six months of 1935 as against $265,000,000 in the same period of 1934, a gain of 18 per cent. Checking closely with this, Moody's Investment Survey reported increased net profits for 168 companies during the first half of the year of 21 per cent. The New York *Times* compilation of dividends shows that 785 corporations declared dividends aggregating $172,500,000 in July as compared with 639 totaling $132,900,000 in the corresponding month of 1934. The fact that this increase in profits was made without a corresponding increase in business activity would indicate that business was obtaining a larger share of the national income than a year ago.

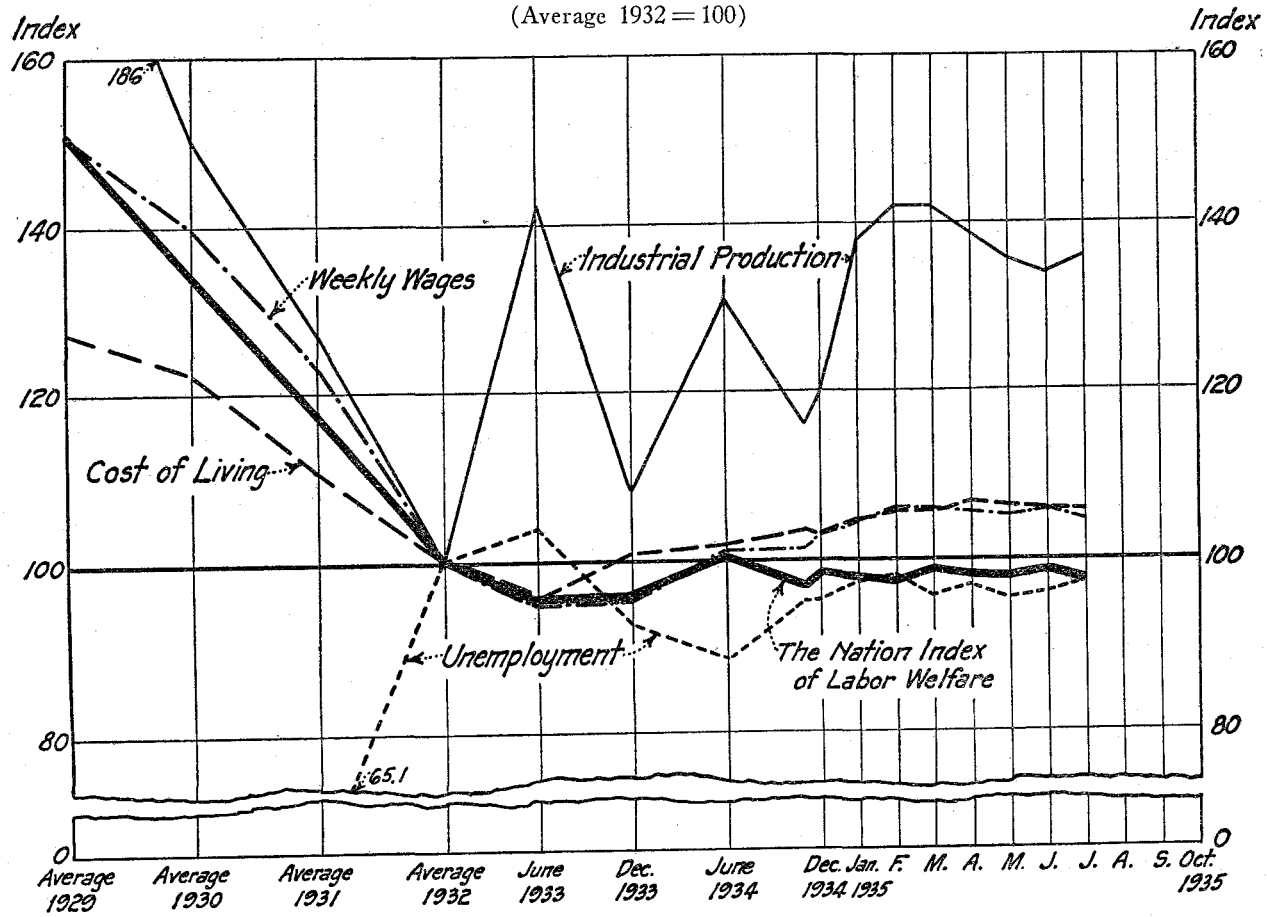
Preliminary indices for July, together with the revised figures for the previous month and July, 1934, follow:

(1932 = 100)

	July 1935	*June 1935*	*July 1934*
Industrial Production	136*	134	114
Average Weekly Wages	104.7*	106†	100.5
Cost of Living	105.9*	106	101.5
Real Wages	98.9*	100†	99
Unemployment	97*	96	93
Index of Labor Welfare	97.5*	98.7†	98.8

* Preliminary. † Revised.

THE CHART OF LABOR WELFARE
(Average 1932 = 100)



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Books

The Pathos of Liberalism

By REINHOLD NIEBUHR

NO one in America has a more generally conceded right to speak in the name of liberalism than John Dewey. He has been for many years not only the leading philosophical exponent of liberal doctrine but the fountain and source of liberal pedagogical theory and method. He has furthermore been active in a score of political and social movements in which he has proved not only his interest in the practical application of his theories but also a courageous willingness to extend both his theory and his practice beyond the limits set by traditional liberalism.

A new book by Professor Dewey* therefore offers excellent opportunity to assess the resources of liberalism in the present social scene, particularly since the book is a theoretic elaboration of his advanced position. The great contribution of historic liberalism, declares Professor Dewey, was its emphasis upon liberty and intelligence. Its great need today is to serve the cause of liberty by helping to create a social structure in which the ideal will become a reality for the many and not the few; and to make "freed intelligence" socially effective. All that is good in a modern advanced liberalism is revealed in the development of the first point and all that is dubious betrays itself in the second.

"Liberalism," declares Professor Dewey, "must now become radical, meaning by 'radical' perception of thoroughgoing changes in the set-up of institutions and corresponding activity to bring the changes to pass." This social radicalism is gradualistic in method but not reformist: "The process of producing changes will in any case be a gradual one. But 'reforms,' which deal now with this abuse and now with that without having a social goal based upon an inclusive plan, differ entirely from effort at reforming, in its literal sense, the institutional scheme of things." The motive of advanced or radical liberalism in seeking this thoroughgoing reorganization of the social order is to secure the value of liberty, to which liberalism is committed, in economic and not merely in legal terms: "The majority who call themselves liberals today are committed to the principle that organized society must use its powers to establish conditions under which the mass of individuals can possess actual as distinct from merely legal liberty. . . . They believe that the conception of the state which limits the activities of the latter to keeping order between individuals and to securing redress for one person when another infringes the liberty existing law has given him is in effect simply a justification of the brutalities and inequities of the existing system."

The ultimate end toward which Professor Dewey's liberalism strives is socialistic: "The only form of enduring social organization that is now possible is one in which the new forces of productivity are cooperatively controlled and used in the interest of the effective liberty and the cultural development of the individuals that constitute society." This end "can now be achieved only by a reversal of the means to which early liberalism was committed." Professor Dewey's devotion to liberty has, in short, nothing in common with that of Herbert Hoover, who has given such a perfect statement of the plutocratic corruption of the creed of liberalism. Nor has it much in common with the piecemeal reformism of the more timid liberals. His statement of faith is typical of a large body of intellectual liberalism, which resists the dishonest appropriation and corruption of the liberal creed by the plutocratic oligarchs of our society and which sees the problem of social change in larger terms than those of mere reformism.

So far, so good. It is in his discussion of the function of intelligence in the process of social change that the limitations of Professor Dewey's liberalism appear. No one would quarrel with him in his insistence on the necessity of avoiding drift into chaos and the corresponding necessity of an intelligent direction of social change. Nor is he wrong when he protests against the dogmatism of certain types of radicalism. Nevertheless, every argument used in developing his theme of the function of "freed intelligence" in social change betrays a constitutional weakness in the liberal approach to politics. It does not recognize the relation of social and economic interest to the play of intelligence upon social problems. It does not perceive the perennial and inevitable character of the subordination of reason to interest in the social struggle. Its ideal of a "freed intelligence" expects a degree of rational freedom from the particular interests and perspectives of those who think about social problems which is incompatible with the very constitution of human nature.

This weakness reveals itself at every turn. The possibilities of intelligence in social action are supposedly proved by the achievements of science in the development of a technical civilization: "What are the modern forces of production save those of scientific technology? And what is scientific technology save a large-scale demonstration of organized intelligence in action?" This is supposed to refute the Marxian thesis of the revolutionary dynamic created by the incompatibility between new forces of production and the legal property system. Why, then, did not this "organized intelligence" which created a technical civilization create also an economic and political system which would make such a civilization sufferable? The answer is given in the theory of a cultural lag. "The release of productivity is the product of cooperatively organized intelligence," and the "institutional framework is precisely that which is not yet subjected to any considerable degree to the impact of inventive and instructive intelligence." An example of this cultural lag is the notion that social insecurity is an incentive to diligence. "Early liberalism emphasized the importance of insecurity as a fundamentally necessary economic motive." But the "conditions of insecurity now no longer spring from nature," and therefore "insecurity is *not now* the motive to work and sacrifice but to despair." But the habits of mind and action of the earlier period still persist and operate to

* *Liberalism and Social Action.* By John Dewey. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

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retard social change in the interest of greater security. This theory actually assumes that there was a time in which social insecurity was a generator of diligence, and does not recognize that the earlier liberalism, in spite of its greater honesty, was just as much as capitalistic liberalism a tool of class interest. The idea that social insecurity is a necessary incentive to diligence was not true when it was first propounded and is not held now merely because old patterns of thought persist.

The same inability to recognize the perennial enslavement of even "freed intelligence" to partial and particular interests is revealed in Professor Dewey's discussion of violence and social change. With every responsible analyst of the modern social crisis, Professor Dewey would like to resolve our social difficulties without violence. There can be no quarrel with him over his thesis of the perils of violence not only to the proletarian proponents of a new social order but to civilization itself. But the discussion of the possibility of avoiding violence lacks realism because Professor Dewey again sees violence only as a consequence of a social ignorance which a more perfect intelligence will be able to eliminate. Unlike many liberals he sees the coercive and even violent character of present society: "It is not pleasant to face the extent to which, as a matter of fact, coercive and violent force are relied upon in the present social system as a means of social control." The assumption "that the method of intelligence already rules and that those who urge the use of violence are introducing a new element into the social picture may not be hypocritical but it is unintelligently unaware of what is actually involved in intelligence as an alternative method of social action." In other words, the real question is how the holders of privilege and power are to be dissuaded from violence as a means of preventing necessary social change. This must be done by destroying the "ingrained habit of regarding intelligence as an individual possession and its exercise as an individual right" —"Liberalism must assume the responsibility for making it clear that intelligence is a social asset and is clothed with a function as public as is its origin." A liberalism which defends liberty as a public necessity rather than a private right will supposedly soothe the savage breast of an imperiled and frantic oligarchy, while the older and more individualistic liberalism merely succeeded in maintaining liberty "as long as it did not menace the status quo." One might as well expect to beguile the gentlemen of the Liberty League to modify their touching devotion to the Constitution by proving to them logically, rationally, and intellectually that the flexibility of the Constitution is a necessary prerequisite of orderly social change.

To say all this is not to assume that violence and civil war are absolutely inevitable in basic social change. But their avoidance depends upon quite different considerations from those advanced by Professor Dewey; upon the possibility, for instance, of securing some modicum of political cooperation between the industrial workers, the farmers, and the lower middle classes. If that cannot be achieved, and if the lower middle classes must inevitably become the allies of an imperiled plutocracy, violence will scarcely be avoided, no matter how much intellectuals may bewail the tragic and tortuous character of the processes of history.

It must be said in conclusion that Professor Dewey expressly denies that liberalism ignores the fact that conflicting interests in society prevent the method of experimental intelligence from being as effective in social problems as in the physical sciences. "The method of democracy is to bring these conflicting interests out into the open, where their special claims can be seen and appraised and where they can be discussed and judged in the light of more inclusive interests." Now it is a fact that many conflicts of interest are thus arbitrated, at least when the contrast between them is not too sharp and when the contending parties do not absorb the total community and therefore destroy the last remnant of impartiality and neutrality in the community with reference to a particular dispute. It is when that happens that we have a revolutionary situation.

In envisaging the possibilities of a rational arbitration of conflicting interests Professor Dewey hopes for a day in which party disputes will give way to an impartial and scientific inquiry into the cause and effect of social realities and the means and ends of social policies. "The idea that the conflict of parties will, by means of public discussion, bring out necessary public truths" has nothing "in common with the procedure of organized cooperative inquiry, which has won the triumphs of science in the field of physical nature." We are back, in other words, where we began, on the thesis that nothing but a cultural lag prevents men from viewing the social policies in which they are involved with the same degree of objectivity they use in delving into the mysteries of biochemistry or astronomy. Whatever the possibilities and necessities of social intelligence in social action, that thesis is a hopeless one. In so far as a "renascent liberalism" rests upon it, it will confuse the political problem. Its stubbornness in maintaining the thesis imparts an aspect of pathos to even so courageous and honest a liberalism as that of Professor Dewey.

Between Two Worlds

Europa:— The Days of Ignorance. By Robert Briffault. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

LIKE so many novels with a wide canvas of time and space, like "La Chartreuse de Parme" and "War and Peace" and Proust's immense work, this bulky volume is essentially the record of an education. The hero is a young Englishman whom the accidents of birth and social class have made acquainted with almost the whole of the European continent and with most of the "key-figures" of the period just before the World War. The son of a popular British diplomatic attaché in Rome, he has spent his childhood and adolescence in the company of ambassadors, dukes, princes, and even certain crowned heads. The tottering Nietzsche has touched his childish brow and murmured, "Thou mightest be He." Almost his first great friend is a certain Daria Nevidof, Duchess of Friedland, and his first love is her beautiful daughter Zena, who is for a while separated from him by her marriage to a degenerate Russian prince. But this world and all its associations evaporate rather abruptly when he goes to Cambridge to take up the study of biochemistry. There he divides his time between intensive laboratory research and discussions with his well-bred fellow-students on the inconsistencies of the social system. It is this shy emergence of a social consciousness which leads him afterward in London to the lecture halls of the Fabians and the salons of the militant suffragettes. Emancipated sex, according to the current Wellsian pattern, and social reform are happily combined in a purely physical alliance

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which he forms with one of the latter. He is serious enough, it is true, to pay a visit to a Lancashire mining town on the eve of a great strike. But when he allows himself to be whisked off to safety in a police car he realizes that he is not yet ready to take his part in the class struggle. A holiday in Italy accelerates his backsliding: he makes love in the Blue Grotto at Capri; he assists at the flagellation of a wealthy Jewess by an eccentric grand duke in the underground chambers of an Italian villa; he gambles and dissipates along the Côte d'Azur. To crown it all, he reencounters his Russian princess and goes off to live with her in voluptuous retirement in a baroque German castle. Unfortunately, this retreat is broken by the news that someone has been assassinated at Sarajevo. The volume closes with the titled heroine crying for roses in the first-class compartment of a train leaving Berlin for an unknown destination. The hero's education, we are to assume, will be continued when history, which it has thus far paralleled so nicely, catches up a little with the evolution of his personal sentiments and emotions.

The geographical expansiveness of the background, so overwhelming in summary, is matched by the number of public figures of the epoch who appear and have voices in the narrative. Juarès, Mussolini, Melba, Henry James, Queen Margherita, and D. H. Lawrence are among those who enter under their own names, and the identity of the others may easily be guessed at. For this reason the book is practically assured of a *succès de scandale* in certain quarters. But it should have another and even wider sort of success. It can easily be read as a kind of "Anthony Adverse" of the social and political jungle of pre-war Europe. It is as full of adventure, intrigue, romance, and unornamented sex as that book, and it is interlarded with the same frequent applications of something that resembles ratiocination. In only one important respect does it differ from Hervey Allen's masterpiece: the hero's career is clearly in the direction of an integration of the personality through acceptance of a serious belief or conviction. Mr. Briffault is obviously motivated by what has come to seem to more and more people the one truly great theme available for fiction in our time. But it is precisely to the reader's sense of the contrast between the dignity and importance of this theme and the particular treatment which it is accorded that his book owes its considerable failure.

Always in reading diaries, confessions, and autobiographical works of every kind, we are inclined to oppose a certain skeptical detachment to the warm revelations of the mind or sensibility laid before us. We read with an attention divided, so to speak, between the truth that is being offered us by the writer and the truth that we are making for ourselves on the evidence of the personality reflected in the writing. The frequent disparity is what makes for the peculiar interest of works of this sort. It is the basis of interest in such a recent work as Vincent Sheean's "Personal History," for example, in which the now triumphant, now unsuccessful efforts at literary sincerity provide the suspense from chapter to chapter, even from paragraph to paragraph. In Mr. Sheean's book, however, the drama is pretty largely played out in the realm of ideas; the greatest effort is that of the mind to recognize and then choose from among its alternatives. The problem is much more difficult when, as in every creative work, it is a question also of the sensibility and the imagination. Here the necessity to engage the latter more strongly emphasizes, if it is present, the split between the writer's mind and his feelings. Insincerity is always more evident in a direct impression than in an abstract interpretation of life. And it must be said that everything in the manner in which life is presented in Mr. Briffault's book works at odds with the particular view of life which it is trying to express. In the first place, the style vacillates between a breezy British journalese of the type made popular by Wells and his generation and a sentimental lyricism that is on a level with that of the most mediocre magazine fiction. The sensibility has plainly been little refined or disciplined by the convictions of the mind. As for the imagination, the traditional pattern of the English autobiographical novel is expanded by means of incidents out of the society novels of E. P. Oppenheim and a few motifs from Proust. We do not feel that this world of coroneted fools and debauchees has been absorbed into the deepest experience of the central character, as we do in Tolstoy or in Proust. The hero has seen something, but he has read more, and what he has seen has apparently been determined by what he has read. The result is that he comes to seem hardly more than a peg on which to hang all this history, all this social and political commentary, this Baedeker of Europe before the Versailles treaty. In a word, he is as little credible as the fabulous plot, as little authentic as the style. The total effect of the book is of an insincerity based on the unsuccessful attempt to reconcile the appeals of a sensibility and imagination belonging still very much to the past with an intellectual point of view for whose expression those appeals are altogether inappropriate.

WILLIAM TROY

Soviet Prison

Prisoner of the Ogpu. By George Kitchin. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

THIS is a detailed, factual record of four years' imprisonment in the Soviet Union. The author, a Finnish business man, had been employed by British concerns in Russia before the war. Returning under the New Economic Policy, he represented a New York company and, in addition, organized on the side a virtual monopoly in the supply of candles to Russian churches. His business prospered, he married a Russian girl, they had a child. On March 26, 1928, he was arrested by the OGPU on a charge of espionage, later changed to one of having failed to register with the authorities the foreign concern he represented.

After eighteen months in Leningrad prisons, he was sent to a penal camp in what was formerly Vologda Province. First as a simple prisoner and later as a member of the administration staff, which was recruited entirely from the prisoners, he spent more than two years in camps administered by the OGPU in northern districts. On January 2, 1932, he was released and allowed to return to Finland, where he joined his wife. This volume, the record of his experience, was completed shortly before he died this summer.

The book is clearly no simple anti-Soviet fabrication, although its catalogue of OGPU horrors will be welcomed by a host of professional victims of the revolution who have been hard put to it recently for fresh and vivid material. Except for an estimate printed at the end of the book of the number of prisoners held in OGPU penal camps, there is nothing sensational enough to be implausible, and Mr. Kitchin's narrative of events has a kind of dulness which favors belief.

But this is far from saying that the book presents a real or true picture either of its author or of the life of political prisoners in the Soviet Union. The claim of the publishers that it deserves to rank with Dostoevski's "The House of the Dead" would be fantastic if found anywhere but in a jacket blurb. For Mr. Kitchin lived through what must have been a long and bitter imprisonment with a singular immunity to its corrosive possibilities to anything but his health. The prose is fast-paced and superficial; except for a few sentimental portraits of his fellow-prisoners it rarely breaks its simple, narrative stride. Even the piling up of dirt, disease, vermin, cold,

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and back-breaking work fails to achieve the cumulative effect of horror one would expect, and there is no record at all of suffering involving the author as a human being struggling to come to terms with his experience.

This is not to belittle the terrors of a penal camp close to the Arctic Circle in midwinter, but rather Mr. Kitchin's too facile record of it. The kind of subjective truth found, for example, in E. E. Cummings's "The Enormous Room" slips through these pages. There is no evidence that the experience changed the author in any essential way. Tatiana Tchernavin's "Escape from the Soviets," a far less factual record of a similar experience, has a kind of authenticity both as a literary and as a social document which this book lacks, by virtue of her deep, unreasoning, and child-like hatred of the Bolsheviks.

As an objective observer Mr. Kitchin had fewer qualifications, if anything, than he had for literature. Within a week after his arrest he had agreed to become an informer for the OGPU in return for his freedom, and only a dispute over the terms of his new employment seems to have kept him from immediate release. Although he gives few details of his business or political connections, anyone familiar with the conditions under which Nepmen worked and lived in Russia immediately before the beginning of the first Five-Year Plan knows that honesty in private business or politics was neither a virtue nor a myth. It was not even talked about.

The shrewd and speculative talents which earned sudden riches in the years after 1922 for men with no convictions running too deep for comfort brought the author more success in living with his guards and fellow-prisoners than in describing them. The latter appear in his pages neither as individual men, each living through some remorseless tragedy, nor as an expropriated class swept from power by a social earthquake. They are all miserable, brutal, and stupid, but the failure to generalize concerning the reasons for their arrest or to place their suffering in any setting wider than the immediate one of squalor and hardship produces a drab monotone that dulls the sting of even the grimmest incidents.

The Five-Year Plan itself and the social revolution which accompanied it both in the countryside and in the cities are hardly mentioned in the book either in extenuation of the wholesale imprisonment of "former people" which they produced or to make the crime still blacker. The officials responsible for it seemed to Mr. Kitchin simple scoundrels, working out a sadistic satisfaction in the imprisonment and torture of thousands of helpless individuals. If he had had better tools to work with, to relate his experience either to himself or to some objective standard, his book would interest anyone in a world where prison camps are everywhere either a reality or an ever-present threat. As it is, he has simply produced some more glib tales for those who still refuse to believe that revolutions are expensive.

JOSEPH BARNES

Mary of Scotland

Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles. By Stefan Zweig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. The Viking Press. $3.50.

MARY STUART was Queen of Scotland when she was six days old. Even in her cradle she was the pawn of politics and was to remain so all her life. A Stuart and a Guise, she was Scottish, French, and Catholic. No Stuart had been happy on the throne of Scotland. The turbulent clans were always against their kings as well as against each other in frequently shifting combinations. England, France, and Spain had their eyes on Scotland. And Mary, as the great-granddaughter of Henry VII, had a claim to the English throne after Elizabeth. This created a situation tense with possibilities. Her marriage would be of the utmost importance. Her life was to be one long duel with Elizabeth.

The first in the field was Henry VIII, who asked Mary in marriage for his son Edward VI. This might have been an excellent solution, but it did not suit the Catholic party. Further, as the throne of Scotland was automatically to accrue to England on Mary's death, her mother feared an even simpler solution if the child was sent to England to be reared. Mysterious deaths were a part of political machinery. She sent Mary to France, and there the Scottish Queen grew up amid the elegance and culture of the French Renaissance, which coexisted so strangely with the treacheries and brutalities of political and religious warfare. Mary flowered in beauty and talents. She learned Latin and Greek, played the lute, danced and sang exquisitely, wrote lyrics of poignant distinction. But she could also ride and hunt all day without weariness. She was virile and delicate, daring and gay. Her queenly dignity, her touching youth compelled universal admiration. At sixteen she was married to the Dauphin, Francis. A year later, by the death of Henry II she became Queen of France, only to lose that eminence within two years by the death of her husband.

She had already passed the climax of her career. It was too swift, far outstripping her personal development. There was no correspondence between her status and herself. She was not yet twenty when she came from the most brilliant court of Europe to dreary Scotland, at least a century behind France in civilization. Now she was to feel herself alone, to know the extremes of fortune, danger, and enmities, suffer and abet tragic violence, with all the tangles of her historic position more intricate because of her sex. Now the woman was to develop that irresistible fascination to which the events of her life and the words of those who knew her testify, though her portraits do not convey to us her powerful sexual magnetism. Now she was to discover in herself depths of passion undreamed which would drag her to destruction. "All the tragedy of Mary's life," says Zweig, "was packed in two years of her forty-four—the two years of her great passion for Bothwell. . . . The peculiar compression of the main happenings of her career into . . . one explosive surge of feeling dictates the form and rhythm of her biography." He therefore gives far more space to those two years than to the twenty-three of her early life or to the nineteen of her imprisonment. The woman in Mary, always in conflict with the queen, destroyed her. But all that was best and worst in her—her sincerity, her reckless courage, her absolutism, her lack of policy—contributed to that relentless tragedy in which so many lives, brilliant and obscure, were lost, including at last her own. She and Elizabeth are magnificently contrasted as women and rulers.

There are historic problems that are never solved and that constantly inspire new efforts at solution. Such is the tragedy of Mary Stuart, which for centuries has aroused the extremes of partisanship and controversy. The story has been told and retold by historians, biographers, dramatists, and poets, and the heroine seen from many angles—as saint, martyr, intriguer, murderess. The historic material is superabundant, intricate, and contradictory. There is excellent evidence for and against every crucial attitude. There are opposing interpretations equally plausible. Religious and factional passions color the estimate, but, most of all, judgment on Mary's complicity in Darnley's murder is based on the authenticity or non-authenticity of the famous Casket letters and poems.

On this and other key problems of Mary Stuart's life, Stefan Zweig appears to have said the last word which contains or disposes of all other words. He has of course reexamined all the evidence with meticulous care, and we find here the acute analysis, the fine balance, the creative insight into human emotions which we have come to expect of him.

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But in this brilliant and searching study of a great historic figure and a fateful career he has surpassed himself, combining the solidity and keenness of historic investigation with the richness, mass, and disciplined tempo of a significant life story that is also literature. There is a poetic quality throughout that inheres not so much in the language as in the whole splendid conception and structure of the work, a vital, surging, and inspiring tone which holds the reader spellbound through 361 large pages. This is easily the most impressive of recent biographies.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

Synthesis by Will Durant

The Story of Civilization. Part I: Our Oriental Heritage. By Will Durant. Simon and Schuster. $5.

"ANY man who sells his soul to synthesis," says Dr. Durant in his preface, "will be a tragic target for a myriad merry darts of specialist critique." Except for the alliterative self-pity in finding himself tragic and his critics merry Dr. Durant has well characterized himself and his work. Perhaps his remark is not entirely the result of prescience but a reflection after the event upon the mixed reception of his "Story of Philosophy," which students of philosophy received a bit coldly although the general public approvingly purchased it in large numbers. Whether or not it is possible to please the specialist and the layman at the same time in any such ambitious work as a synthetic treatment of all civilization one cannot say; Dr. Durant at least expresses no hope, yet believes such a treatment worth while for the sake of the layman.

The whole work which Dr. Durant plans is to consist of five volumes, each approximately the size of this one. All civilization is to pass under review, from its germination in prehistoric barbaric culture, through its birth in human labor and social organization, to development by evolution of government, morality, religion, science, philosophy, letters, and art, culminating in an account of the times in which we shall be living when the survey is completed. The first volume runs to 1,049 pages, containing somewhere around half a million words, and four more volumes are to come! In our times nothing so extensive has ever been undertaken. It falls just short of trying to organize the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Quite correctly Dr. Durant devotes his first volume to "Our Oriental Heritage"; for in the Orient civilization began. After an introductory section of about a hundred pages dealing with the general conditions and beginnings of civilization, he deals specifically with the Near East (Sumeria, Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, a miscellaneous group in and around Asia Minor, Judea, Persia) until the time of Alexander for 277 pages; then India and her neighbors to the present for 247 pages; and last the Far East (China, Japan) to the present for 299 pages. There is a brief "envoi," a glossary of foreign terms, a bibliography, documentary notes, a pronouncing (not always correct) and biographical index (with many important omissions). The four remaining volumes are to deal with Classical Civilization, Medieval European Civilization, European Civilization from the Reformation to the French Revolution, and Modern Occidental Civilization. The only serious omission in this projected program consists of the native civilizations of the Americas.

The misgivings Dr. Durant has about the detailed accuracy of his work can be substantiated in profusion from his text, and probably specialists of the excitable sort ought not to imperil their blood pressure by reading him in their own fields. Errors range from the trivial and obvious, like the locating of Benares "near the junction of two sacred rivers, the Ganges and the Jumna" (page 521), through impossible and long-abandoned etymologies, to uncritical statements, such as that (page 616) admitting Christian influence upon the Bhagavad Gita, blatant misstatements, as that (page 389) "[Indian] dates before 1600 A. D. are uncertain" (many are quite certain), and incredible deductions, as when he says (page 509) of the goddess Parvati and her husband Shiva, "Doubtless she and her lord are made as horrible as possible in order that timid worshipers may be frightened into decency, and perhaps into generosity to the priests." There are contradictions within the book itself: for example, the oldest wheeled vehicle is variously ascribed on page 117 to Elam (highland north and east of the Tigris), on page 125 to Kish (in Mesopotamia), and on page 395 to Mohenjo-daro (in the Indus valley, western India); Dr. Durant's final vote (page 934) is the same as his first, namely, for Elam; why he comes back to that is not stated. Everyone's opinions concerning the relative importance of material treated and judgments upon metaphysical or aesthetic principles are subjective, and perhaps Dr. Durant has as much right to his opinion or judgment as has anyone else, but certainly some of his specific evaluations would not satisfy many who are acquainted with the material at first hand. No one wants to read a catalogue of all the mistakes in fact or opinion which even one person has noticed in a rapid examination of his text; it is enough to say that on any matter of importance the safe thing is to check Dr. Durant by specialist authorities.

And in many cases it is not safe to trust the authorities cited by Dr. Durant. His documentation, imposing enough superficially, reveals the weakness of his work. In the section on India, for example, some is drawn from other synthesizers not trained in Indological studies, some is drawn from authorities now superseded, and some is drawn from modern works of no standing. Although he often goes to books of standing, he also seems completely ignorant of many works which are recent, still in print, available at most large libraries, accepted as standard in the field, intelligible to non-specialists, and better than sources he uses. His bibliography and notes show how often he has relied upon the unreliable and neglected the unneglectable.

But to examine this book with attention principally upon detailed factual accuracy would be to ignore its probable circulation and sphere of usefulness. Like "The Story of Philosophy" it is likely to be of small service to students; it will be read chiefly by the "general public," in this case a public which does not demand or appreciate strict accuracy but wants amusement and impressions. These last the book will certainly provide; for it is well written and lively. Thousands of people who would never get through ten pages of Keith's "Buddhist Philosophy" or a couple of chapters of the first volume of the "Cambridge History of India" and might even balk at Bloomfield's vivid and readable "Religion of the Veda" will find Durant's easy pages no strain. From their point of view the errors—and they are, of course, only fractional—are unimportant. They will lay down the book, when they are through, with few precise detailed recollections; but if they are impressionable at all, they will feel how briefly we are removed from barbarism, how great were the civilizations of the past and how much we owe them, and how extensively every civilized people has contributed to the culture of every other. Dr. Durant remarks casually (page 127): "It is a poor civilization from which we may not learn something to improve our own"; and this attitude characterizes his entire work. In one way it is a tract against that national self-complacency existing everywhere, and markedly in the United States, which makes people undervalue their neighbors. Anyone who can read his thousand pages and still speak of the "heathen Chinee" or "the poor, benighted Hindu" or look with scorn upon the Near East must be a marvel for plowing through print that gives him no meaning. The essence of Dr. Durant's treatment is sympathy and

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appreciation, but he wins his reader's confidence by criticizing both favorably and unfavorably. And he makes many observations, pointed but not obtrusive, to connect the past and the foreign with ourselves. There is no doubt that he makes good use of his literary skill to bring to a large audience an instructive interpretation of the Orient.

One important topic which Dr. Durant might have included is that of physical races and cultural (linguistic) families of peoples. It would have clarified much of his other material if in one chapter he had distinguished and described the types of mankind and the Indo-European, Semitic, Dravidian, Mongolian, and other peoples who have been the custodians of civilization. The volume on the Orient was the logical place for this, but except for a few scattered and sometimes inaccurate remarks he leaves his reader to supply the information.

A generation ago synthetic histories dealt with political history, and the Orient hardly figured. It is significant that today a synthesis deals with cultural history and almost entirely ignores politics and wars, and that the Orient has been discovered.

W. Norman Brown

Voodoo Nonsense

Voodoo Fire in Haiti. By Richard A. Loederer. Translated by Desmond I. Vesey. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.75.

THIS book is a combination of distorted borrowings from other works on Haiti, nonsensical reporting of what the author claims to have seen in the island, and attempted sensationalism that can only be regarded as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the "steaming-jungle, booming-tom-tom" school of adventure writing. Its mechanics are painfully apparent: a dash of the mysterious—"It was not without some slight misgivings that I determined to visit and explore this strange country"; a tincture of hairbreadth escape—"A pitch-dark night, an unknown forest . . . our boat waterlogged. Suddenly a few pinpricks of light . . . men in the jungle! . . . Not six yards away, a crumbling landing stage"; the occasional light touch—"Good God! What was that? . . . the palace *was* haunted. . . . At any rate I still had the revolver. I gripped it. Now . . . steady . . . Bang!!! and the bullet nearly hit a large cat"; much sex, of course, to titillate the stay-at-homes—"The dance went on. Fiercer and fiercer, wilder and wilder. . . . Lust like a scarlet mist enveloped the room. . . ." And then voodoo, exotic and terrible, with all sorts of horrible magic rites that give you the most enjoyable creeps up the back.

It is a pity that stuff of this sort still has currency; it is even more a pity that such a book should be circulated by one of the important book clubs. For the author, an artist from Vienna, apparently cannot put pen to paper, whether in writing or drawing, without exaggerating what he has seen, changing it to fit his purpose, or, what is worse, inserting statements of fact not at all applicable to his subject.

Let us cite some specific instances. We start with the sea voyage to Haiti and the incident of Sir Joshua Higginbotham and the Congo bean stew. Sir Joshua is an elderly traveler who tells how, as a young attaché, he accompanied Sir Spencer St. John to the famous cannibalism trial of 1863 in Port-au-Prince that Sir Spencer tells of in his book "Hayti, or the Black Republic." (Incidentally, the story is infinitely better recounted in the original, where you can find it beginning on page 211 of the second edition.) Sir Joshua, it would appear, must have been a very elderly globe-trotter indeed to have recalled in the 1930's this "personal experience" of 1863!

But this is only the beginning. The description of the "jungle" might apply to the South American bush, but I seriously doubt that such forests are found in Haiti. There are no poisonous snakes in Haiti, so that the danger of encountering a fer-de-lance, native to certain other Caribbean islands, is entirely fanciful. The author is forever writing of the naked men and women he saw sitting about the houses or performing in the dances. This is simply not true; Haitians everywhere are very particular about being clothed. They do not go about in loin cloths; at the very most, a man working in the fields may take off his shirt. At the night dances one especially good reason for not going unclothed is that it gets quite chilly.

The passage in which Loederer describes how, as he rested at Mon Repos, he could look out over the sea beyond the island of Gonave to the Windward Passage is fantastic; the Windward Passage is more than one hundred miles from Bizoton, the point from which he is supposed to see the ships which travel to and fro. Cassava bread is not used by the native Haitians in the manner described, which is South American. This account must have been taken from some travel book; the author certainly never saw it in Haiti. It is nowhere indicated in the book just when the author's trip was taken, but unless it was some years ago, to place the market of Port-au-Prince in front of the cathedral is further evidence that information was derived from some work written before the early days of the occupation. It is correct to state that the wearer of a multicolored garment is doing penance for his voodoo gods, but the passage about the "punishment dress" of thorny fibers worn beneath such a garment is myth.

These errors are serious enough, but if one is charitable, one may excuse them by saying that the writer, an artist, could not be expected to check his facts too closely, or that the kind of work he has written permits him wide literary latitude. There is certainly no excuse, however, for the way in which the drawings malign and misrepresent. The illustration opposite page 258 may be cited. It portrays a very naked youth and maiden and is entitled "The young Negro when he woos a girl; typical example of the innocent, naked eroticism of the African native." One can only surmise that this is a better representation of the mind of the author than it is of what he witnessed. Assuredly he never saw in Haiti what is reproduced here. Still more unpardonable are the drawings of African wood-carvings found throughout the book. It is true that except in one instance they merely embellish the text as tail-pieces and ornaments, but no suggestion is ever given that they are not from Haiti. I can only state that the African technique in wood-carving of this kind has been entirely lost in Haiti, and that these drawings represent pieces from Africa itself. By the same token, to depict an Ivory Coast mask and an enlarged Sudanese figure in a Haitian *houmfort*—in a drawing made, I must emphasize, by one who explicitly says that he himself was there—is unmitigated falsification. I have been in a number of these Haitian "temples"; they are not isolated in the bush as Loederer says they are but part of the compound of a priest, and they never contain masks and carved wooden images.

One could go on if space permitted or the book were worth it. But I have cited enough instances to make the point. Some day, perhaps, Haitian life and Haitian beliefs concerning the supernatural will be presented as they really are. Such a presentation will show the Haitian Negro peasant as a kindly, hard-working individual, a human being much like the rest of us. It will analyze the amalgam between voodooism and Catholicism that has been worked out in the island and will show the relationship and the difference between magic and voodoo. Above all, it will stress the discipline that lies behind the apparently frenzied spirit possession and wild dancing that mark voodoo rites, and likewise the fact that though the Haitians have love affairs and satisfy their sex drive, as we all do, they know discipline in this as in other phases of their lives.

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